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LOOKING FORWARD

THE CALL for Christian Citizenship Sunday, November 2, to rally the membership of the Protestant churches behind prohibition, brings up again the fact that one of the most unfortunate things since the Civil War is the manner in which the zeal of certain churchmen for furthering their program for society has led them to identify prohibition, a question of government, with Christ's personal gospel of salvation. Not only has this new appearance of the Scribes and Pharisees resulted in a cessation of all work for temperance, but it has thrown the emphasis of many a church upon the things that are Caesar's. And left in the shadow those things which are of the spirit of Christ. More, it has resulted in many cases in an actual falsification of the gospels and a distortion of the inner truth of Christ's teachings.

NO ONE DENIES the right of churchmen to work for the betterment of society. But every one denies them their false claim of possessing the one and only true governmental gospel in such work. To uphold the ideal is the right and duty and joy of the church. To translate it into terms consistent with the progress of society toward that ideal is the business of the legislator. The gulf between is the measure of the distance between human nature as it is and as it hopes to be.

TO QUOTE Calvin Coolidge: "Behind very many of these enlarging activities lies the untenable theory that there is some short cut to perfection. It is conceived that there can be a horizontal elevation of the standards of the nation, immediate and perceptible, by the simple device of new laws. This has never been the case in human experience. Progress is slow and the result of a long and arduous process of self-discipline. It is not conferred upon the people, it comes from the people. In a republic the law reflects rather than makes the standard of conduct and the state of public opinion. Real reform does not begin with a law, it ends with a law. The attempt to dragoon the body when the need is to convince the soul will end only in revolt."

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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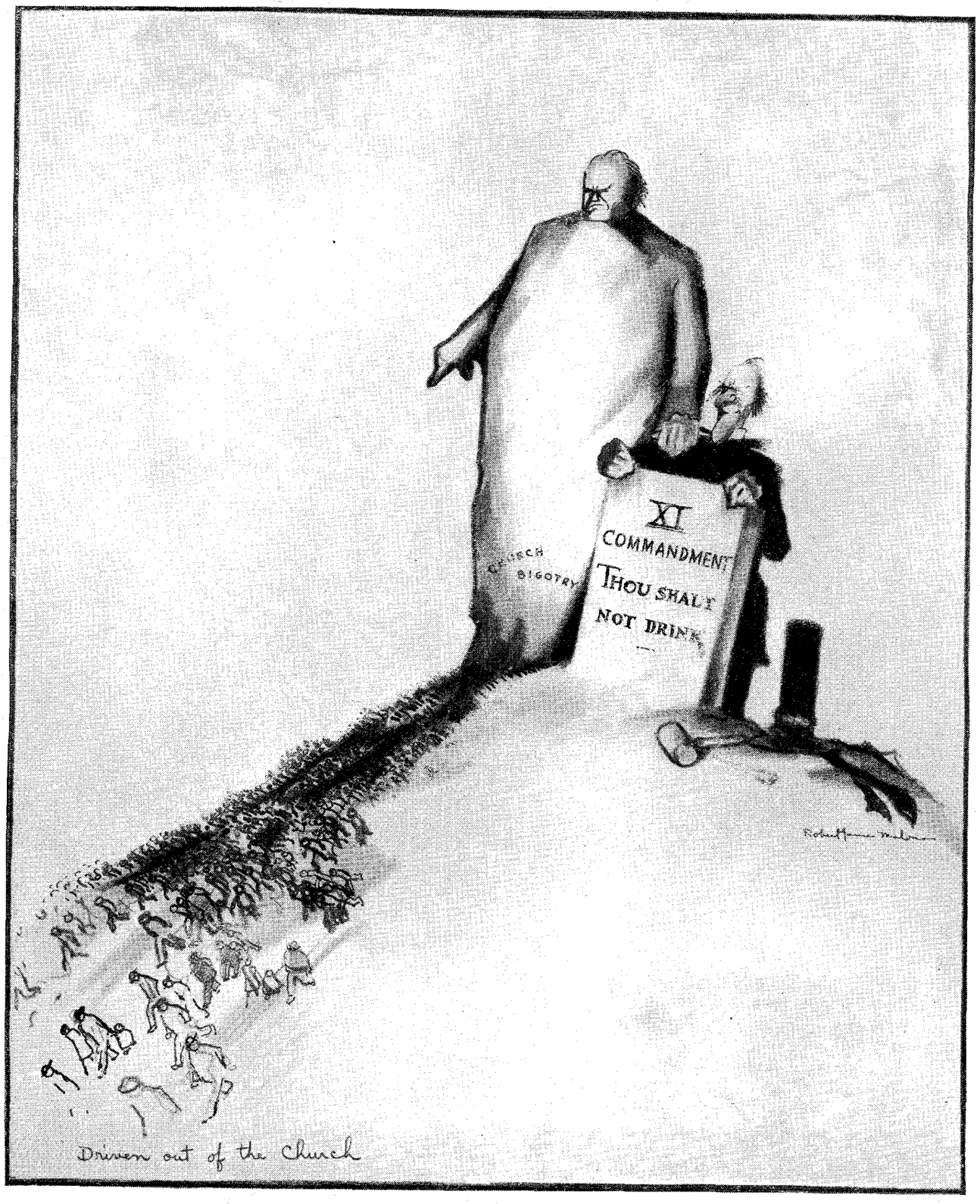

Driven out of the Church

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

October 29, 1930

The Trend of Events

Reductio ad Absurdum

WRAP up a bottle of port wine, put it in your overcoat pocket, take it to your aged Aunt Hatty across the street and you commit a crime. If you are caught, you may be arrested, haled into court and punished. When prohibition has thus reduced itself so close to absurdity, how is it possible to reduce it any further?

Ask the Washington branch of the Crusaders. A week ago, the Crusaders wrote to Leo A. Rosler, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, reminding him that a certain speakeasy in Tenth Street, Washington, had been raided twice, and that on both occasions the police seized liquor. In other cases of this sort—indeed, in some cases involving only one raid—the government has instituted padlock proceedings. Even when the owners "have diligently tried to co-operate with you," wrote the Crusaders to Mr. Rosler, "you have proceeded to padlock." They therefore insisted that a padlock should be placed on the speakeasy in Tenth Street.

It so happens, however, that the property housing the Tenth Street speakeasy is not owned by an ordinary citizen but by the federal government. The Crusaders argue that this makes no difference; that, since the government has padlocked property owned by private individuals, it should now padlock itself.

So it should. But consider the government's dilemma. Shall it furnish material for a thousand cartoons by padlocking its own property? Or material for a thousand editorials by refusing to padlock itself for committing an offense which has brought padlocks to many others? We leave it to find its own way out, merely remarking that the Crusaders have at last reduced prohibition, not only *to* absurdity, but half way through it.

More "Economy"

ABOUT two weeks ago, Secretary Adams announced that the Navy would scrap or retire a number of shop-worn destroyers and submarines, reduce its personnel by 4,800 and save the country $3,440,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1931. Despite strong intimations that this was a great economy move which thrifty citizens should hail with their hats off, the Outlook was unimpressed. We recalled that, according to the estimate of the Navy General Board, it will cost us $989,460,000 if we are to reach the maximum strength permitted us by the London naval treaty. We could not see why citizens were expected to rejoice over the saving of a few millions when this might be, and if the Navy had its way certainly would be, followed by the expenditure of a billion. We therefore took Secretary Adams' proclamation with a ton of salt.

And we are glad we did. A week or so after the news columns had informed the country of the naval reorganization which would save it $3,440,000 during the current fiscal year, they revealed that the Navy had let the contract for a new aircraft carrier to cost $19,000,000.

We voice no protest against the construction of this carrier. If the Navy needs it, the Navy should have it. But we draw the line at these stories of naval economy. Compared with the sums the Navy plans to spend and is spending for new fighting ships, its economies are piffling.

Deeds Needed

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS reports that a Democratic candidate for sheriff in North Carolina saw a woman chopping wood and offered to help. He chopped for an hour or so and then, as he rested, mentioned his candidacy. The woman confessed that she hardly knew whom to vote for, because, she said, at that very moment the Republican candidate was on her back porch churning butter.

Shrewd citizens will remember this case when candidates for public office come knocking at their doors bearing promises. Candidates make promises easily and gracefully—promises to relieve the farmer, end unemployment, abolish poverty and make life lovelier for all of us. But these promises are peculiar things, apt to evaporate without warning and, to say the best of them, they rarely butter any parsnips.

Whereas actual deeds butter a great many parsnips. Every year thousands of candidates yearn to brighten our lives. Why shouldn't they brighten them before, rather than after, election day? If Candidate John Doe really wishes to help Mrs. Roe, why shouldn't he help her with the dishes? Let us elect the men who have done, rather than those who promise to do, the most for us. Let the handbills read: "Joseph Jones for Alderman—Have Him Repair that Leaky Faucet"; "Thomas Smith for Mayor—An Available Fourth for Bridge"; "Vote for A. A. Adams—Handy with Children."

Resumé

ON OCTOBER 6, the New York Stock Exchange issued a warning to brokers which was interpreted in the press as

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"a declaration of war against Wall Street's rampant 'bear party'." Brokers were strongly reminded of that section of the Exchange's Constitution forbidding "purchases or sales of securities" made to effect "a condition of demoralization in which prices will not fairly reflect market values."

One day later Assistant Attorney General Washburn of New York emphasized the state law which provides a fine or imprisonment for any person who, intending to affect security prices, "knowingly circulates any false statement, rumor or intelligence."

Three days later President Whitney of the Stock Exchange, in a speech at Chicago, deplored manipulations to depress stock prices artificially, but defended short selling in general and declared that its effect on security values had been greatly exaggerated. "It is impossible," he said, "for any individual or group of individuals to buy or sell securities in sufficient volume to affect the whole list."

Four days later it was admitted at the White House that the President had entertained both Mr. Whitney and Vice-President Lindley of the Stock Exchange at dinner. Rumors insisted that they had discussed putting bits on the bears of Wall Street.

One day later, to quote a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*, "Official confirmation was given at the White House that it was with the approval of President Hoover and in constant, although informal, consultation with him that New York Stock Exchange officials are working to establish some sort of curb on bear raids in the securities markets."

Meanwhile, the market went down, down, down.

▸▸*Hands Off Short Sellers*

JUST WHAT COURSE the Stock Exchange, the Attorney General of New York and the Hoover Administration intend to pursue regarding short selling is not yet clear. There are, however, indications that all three hope to discourage it in some degree. One and all, they would do well to walk warily. Surely they will not forget that, in frowning on professional bear raids, they run two serious risks. One is the risk of creating suspicions that the market is in an extremely weak position if this drive on the bears is necessary. The other is the risk of stopping short selling in general.

Bear movements are every whit as necessary as bull movements; the one acts as a check on the other. Professional bears cannot influence the market to any great degree for any great length of time. It is not short selling, but simply acute business depression, that explains the stock market's year-long series of nose-dives.

As a matter of fact, neither Mr. Hoover, nor the New York Attorney General nor the Stock Exchange authorities can do much to curb the bears in 1930 without tacitly admitting that they erred in failing to curb the bulls in 1929. There is not a cent's worth of difference between the bear raids of this year and the bull raids of last year,

International

SPEAKING OF SHORTS
Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange

save that the latter caused more heartburnings than the former ever can cause. "Bullish tactics," says W. O. Scroggs elsewhere in this issue, "may entice the amateur investor into buying stocks far above their actual worth and eventually cause just as much destruction as those bear raiders do whose name is anathema."

It should be noted that the constitutional provision which the Stock Exchange has lately been stressing forbids purchases as well as sales to bring about conditions "in which prices do not fairly reflect market values." Where was this provision in September, 1929? Did prices fairly reflect market values then?

And where was the New York law against the circulation of false statements and rumors to affect the prices of securities? Were or were not false bullish statements and rumors circulated a year ago? If the New York Attorney General is anxious to hunt for harmful bears in 1930, why was he less anxious to hunt for harmful bulls in 1929?

Where, finally, was the Administration while prices were being bulled up to a point where a sensational crash was inevitable? We do not recall that, back in 1929, Mr. Hoover called the president and vice-president of the Stock Exchange to the White House in an effort to curb wild-running bulls. At that time, of course, it was not necessary to find a goat—a bear-goat, for example—on which to blame the continuing absence of prosperity.

▸▸*Kruckenberg's Coach*

NO CHILD of this streamline age should be surprised to hear that a German has been testing a propeller-driven railway coach. At sunrise on October 18 the silver-grey, cigar-shaped craft stood on an abandoned railway track in a forest near Hanover. The operator in the rounded bow was given a signal, the propeller at the pointed stern, a twist. Within sixty seconds the 400-horsepower airplane motor was moving the coach a mile a minute. Within a few more seconds its four wheels were rattling out a speed of 100 miles an hour. The halt was made slowly and easily, by two types of brakes, railway and automobile.

The streamlined craft weighs twenty tons and is built to move without vibration. It will carry forty passengers and their luggage. Its inventor, Franz Kruckenberg, holds that the coach is faster than any train, safer and cheaper to operate than any airplane. He declares that his monster has made 114 miles an hour in secret tests, but admits that more trials will have to be run to determine its knack at rounding curves without leaving the rails. He has hopes that his newfangled coach will solve the problem of competition from airplanes and automobiles, dreams of days when, at half-hour intervals, they will be speeding over all the main railway lines in Germany.

Whatever merits his coach may claim on the scores of economy and safety, Kruckenberg offers nothing new in railway speed. Turn the pages of history and you find a New York Central train traveling 112.5 miles an hour on a special run in 1893, with other trains bettering that record until in 1901 a

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Florida special made the five miles between Jacksonville and Fleming in two and a half minutes. That was two years before the Wrights flew the first airplane at Kitty Hawk. It is understandable that railways should hope to offset the progress of aviation since those days. The trouble is, planes grow faster, safer and more economical each year.

America Wins Again

THOSE WERE REAL RACES up Gloucester way, when the Bluenose of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia's prize fishing schooner, and the Gertrude L. Thebaud, pride of Gloucester, set out to discover which had the cleaner pair of heels. Special trains from Boston and a steamer from Halifax brought the spectators—men who knew boats—come to see the racing, not the fall sports costumes. Even the Mayor of Lunenburg came down. Bettors discussed the races on street corners, cracker barrels and fish crates, in fo'castles, rooming-houses and sail lofts.

It was Sir Thomas Lipton who offered the new cup, thereby reviving the international fishing-schooner race which had not been held for seven years. Nova Scotia sent her famed Bluenose, eleven years a prize winner, with Captain Angus Walters in command. The American contender, the Thebaud, was a mere débutante—constructed last year from designs by the builder of the yacht Yankee. Captain Ben Pine was her skipper. When, the day before the first race, the Thebaud sprang a leak and had to be calked, odds on the Bluenose climbed. Yet at the first meeting young America ran in fifteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds ahead.

The Thebaud, one up, now needed but a single victory to take aboard the cup. Twice the wind failed the two ladies and sent them lagging home. Two days of calm and one of wild winds kept spectators kicking their heels with nothing to watch but the circus stunts Charley Landry of the Thebaud's crew performed on her crosstrees and spring stay. Then the Bluenose got her crosstrees loosened and had to wait for new ones. Meanwhile, Captain Pine, ill in a Boston hospital, had been replaced by Captain Charley Johnson. Finally, eight days after her first victory, the Thebaud won her second. After trailing the Bluenose for half the course, she came in eight minutes ahead. Ten thousand dollars was given each boat to gladden the crew and buy new sails and rigging. The Mayor presented the Lipton Cup on the Gloucester City Hall steps. Newport your grandmother. Harold S. Vanderbilt indeed.

Aid for the Jobless

ON OCTOBER 15 a group of New York bankers and business men emerged from a Wall Street office with a plan to aid the city's jobless. They had organized an emergency committee to raise and expend at least $150,000 weekly to provide winter jobs for 10,000 unemployed heads of families. These men will be put to work in the city parks. The committee will also urge private employers to maintain or lengthen their payrolls.

Passing the hat for the projected millions are such committeemen as Thomas W. Lamont, George F. Baker, Jr., Paul Warburg, Owen D. Young and Alfred E. Smith. The committee will represent such banks as the First National, Guaranty Trust and National City, such financial bulwarks as the houses of Morgan, Guggenheim and Lee Higginson. The plans are ambitious but they will undoubtedly be carried out. Moreover, the prestige of the New York committee should encourage similar action by business groups elsewhere.

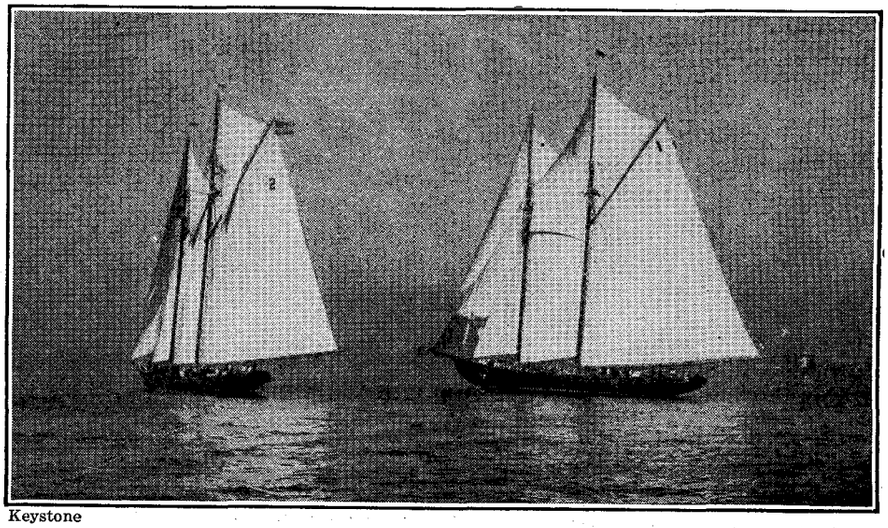
Though highly commendable as an emergency move, this project nevertheless emphasizes the limitations of any unofficial attempt to cope with unemployment. The 10,000 to be endowed for the winter are but a fraction of New York's jobless. They comprise but a corporal's guard in the nation's army of unemployed—three (or four, or maybe five) million strong—to whose relief the American Federation of Labor moved on the day of the meeting in Wall Street. In its conference at Boston the Federation determined to ask Mr. Hoover to appoint a national committee which would recommend emergency unemployment measures for private, quasi-public and governmental agencies, running from local school boards to the Federal Departments at Washington.

The Federation also urged a long-time policy to stabilize employment, including, like its emergency proposals, some of the measures which Senator Wagner attempted to get through the last session of Congress. The Wagner bills provided for the collection of unemployment statistics, for a nation-wide system of employment agencies, and for a flexible public works program. They have been endorsed by scores of economists, sociologists and personnel administrators. Mr. Hoover would have made a ten-strike if, instead of slighting the Wagner bills, he had greeted them cordially and had then proceeded to amplify them.

Mr. Hoover Scores

WHEN THE American Federation of Labor recommended that Mr. Hoover appoint a national committee on unemployment it gave him another excellent chance to score. This time Mr. Hoover moved quickly, putting the essentials of the Federation plan into effect without waiting for the labor leaders' suggestions to reach him.

On October 17, two days after the labor convention's action in Boston, he appointed six members of his Cabinet and Governor Meyer of the Federal Reserve Board as a committee to devise



Keystone

LUFFING ALONG
The Gertrude L. Thebaud of Gloucester leading the Bluenose of Nova Scotia

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plans for federal aid to the unemployed. Col. Arthur Woods of New York, who has had considerable experience in this field, will act in an advisory capacity. Governor Meyer and the Department Secretaries (Mellon of the Treasury, Wilbur of the Interior, Davis of Labor, Hurley of War, Hyde of Agriculture and Lamont of Commerce) were asked to prepare plans and turn them over to the President himself. Mr. Hoover suggested that Federal co-operation might be extended along three lines—to the governors and state and local employment offices, to national industries and to federal employment in public works.

Remembering the stress placed on the prosperity issue in the 1928 election, some Democrats grew ironical over Mr. Hoover's pronouncement that "we must prevent hunger and cold to those of our people who are in honest difficulties." Many of them set down his sudden activity on October 17 as a move to influence the November 4 elections. Into these matters we need not go; they are of little importance. A more fundamental criticism might be lodged against the appointment of Secretaries Hyde, Davis and Lamont to the President's committee. The acts and utterances of these three men have gone far to destroy public confidence in all prosperity predictions and statements on business from official sources. All three have shown that they are less interested in citing the facts than in twisting them for the glory of the Republican party. While these three officials are on the new committee its pronouncements may be skeptically received.

This, however, should not prevent the committee from performing a highly valuable work. Mr. Hoover may be congratulated for following up his moves of last fall for the stability of business and wages with this logical step against unemployment.

His plan is sensible, the nation is sympathetic and his committee has considerable power. The importance of the undertaking should not be obscured by the fact that it was delayed until winter was directly upon us.

▸▸*Why Hurry?*

On the second day of October, after four full months of debate and delay, Japan ratified the London naval treaty and began to ponder ways of getting it to England in the shortest possible time. So the steamer Hikawa Maru raced the pact across the Pacific, arriving in Victoria, British Columbia, twelve hours ahead of schedule. There the treaty was received by two American Army aviators, who promptly set off for New York, flying two crack pursuit planes. Unhappily, one of the planes crashed in a blizzard and the pilot was killed. The other pilot sped on to New York, landed there, counted his fingers for two days, then boarded the Leviathan and saw the treaty safely into the hands of an American official appointed to deliver it to the Japanese Embassy in London.

The purpose of this mad dash remains a mystery. It is explained that the treaty had to be delivered to London in

Keystone

OUT FOR PROTECTION
Stanley Baldwin, leader of the British Conservative party

jig time that it might come into force before the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations meets on November 6. But one need not hurry feverishly to travel from Tokio to London in thirty-five days. Nor would the work of the arms commission be delayed if the pact were known to be on the way to London. In fact, the commission probably isn't going to do any work.

Germany's Hitlerites, Italy's Fascists, Hungary's royalists and other disturbing influences will in all likelihood make the commission's November session a spendthrift waste of time. But it would be a waste of time in any case. The Preparatory Arms Commission, created by the League Council to work out a program for a conference on the reduction of land, sea and air armaments, convened at Geneva in May, 1926. Since then it has accomplished practically nothing, though it has held session after session and meeting after meeting after meeting.

The seven questions to which the commission was expected to reply—for example, "By what standards is it possible to measure the armaments of one country against the armaments of another"—cannot be answered offhand. But the commission has been in existence four and a half years, and its work is about as far from completion as ever. Which, after all, may be just as well. Even if the commission prepared an agenda for a general disarmament conference in the next month, there is little likelihood that the League would call such a conference in the next year. There is still less likelihood that if such a conference were called it would be successful.

▸▸*British Union Delayed*

The Imperial Conference at London, staged primarily to deliver the British nations from grave economic difficulties, has become little more than a background for England's domestic politics. No doubt the conferees realized this fact as they listened to the import-board proposal advanced by Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden.

The Snowden plan asks that each of the British nations set up a government import board to purchase goods in bulk from other British nations on a quota system. England, for instance, would agree to buy a certain percentage of her wheat from Canada on condition that Canada agree to buy a certain percentage of her steel from England. The fundamental purpose of the plan, obviously, is to increase trade among nations within the empire at the expense of their trade with nations outside the empire.

The conference received the Snowden plan calmly. The dominions did not denounce it, as they had denounced the Beaverbrook-Rothermere empire free trade plan to erect a tariff wall around and level tariff walls within the empire. Neither did they cheer it, as they had cheered the plan of Premier Bennett of Canada, who had suggested that members of the British commonwealth raise a tariff wall around the empire and behind it bargain among themselves for concessions. Instead, the conferees turned the Snowden proposal ov-

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committee, apparently feeling that no great economic progress will be made at an imperial conference until a general election, which probably will not be long delayed, has been held in Great Britain. At last reports, the dominion premiers had decided to hold another imperial conference in Ottawa next June.

▶▶Tariff Fight Imminent

THE SNOWDEN QUOTA PLAN was intended to steal the thunder of Conservative Leader Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin has been favoring this very quota system for the past twelve months. But he has also gone much further. When Premier Bennett offered his proposal which, among other things, would put traditionally free-trade England on a protective basis, Mr. Baldwin endorsed it and announced that he would refer it to the people in a general election. He added that within a few days he would announce the full details of the Conservatives' new policy. It was an open secret in London that his statement was to be given out on the evening of Tuesday, October 14, and that it would describe his plan for a system of import boards. One can imagine Mr. Baldwin's feelings when he heard that the Labor government had advocated the essentials of this system to a conference session hurriedly convoked Tuesday afternoon.

The Baldwin manifesto appeared next day, rewritten so as to submerge the quota scheme in an indictment of the Labor government for producing a crisis in business. More to the point, Mr. Baldwin again accepted the Bennett plan "in principle" and declared that "we intend to begin by bringing in an emergency tariff on manufactured goods which would preserve the home market while necessary investigations and negotiations with other governments incidental to the preparation of a more scientific scheme are being pursued." The quotation will indicate how widely the Conservatives have now departed from the old policy of free trade.

On the following day occurred two developments of large importance to Mr. MacDonald's Labor government. The Liberal party, which holds the balance of power in Parliament and if it chooses can keep the MacDonald Ministry in office, thereby preventing a general election, reaffirmed its proverbial opposition to tariffs of any kind. Meanwhile, the division in the ranks of the protectionists was widened by Lord Beaverbrook's attack on Mr. Baldwin.

With Parliament scheduled to open on October 28, the British battle over protection will soon begin. The outcome will be of large, and perhaps grave, importance to American exporters.

▶▶Terrorism in Poland

JOHN ELLIOTT, European correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, has returned from Poland to Berlin with stories of a modern reign of terror in the Province of East Galicia. He tells of terrorism and counter-terrorism which have been sweeping the province for the past three months. The disturbances have their roots in the history of East Galicia—before the War a part of Austria, after the War a prize sought by Moscow and Warsaw, today an impoverished region where the Poles are outnumbered by Ukrainians.

The inquisition apparently started with the systematic firing of Polish crops, barns and homes by Ukrainians bent on the old project of creating a Ukrainian empire from East Galicia and the adjoining Ukraine Soviet Republic. Their punishment was heavy and hard, indiscriminately administered by Polish troops marched into the province by Marshal Pilsudsky, the Mussolini of Poland. Mr. Elliott reports that for the 200 cases of incendiarism the troops have arrested and jailed "at least 200,000 Ukrainians," including sixteen of the twenty-six Ukrainian Nationalists elected to the lower Polish house.

The arrests have comprised the lighter side of the "mission of pacification." As the Polish cavalry sweeps from one village to another, Ukrainian priests and peasants are flogged, thatched cottages unroofed, schools closed, co-operative stores and creameries looted and libraries and reading rooms demolished. The villages are raided three or four times, each raid bringing additional requisitions for food and drink, more destruction of property and another inquiry into the fires. With the inquiry comes a series of floggings, sixty to ninety lashes a man with the knout, a tapered bundle of leather thongs twisted with wire.

Mr. Elliott declares that the troops are kindling a spirit of sedition and revenge among the Ukrainians, which is certainly not surprising. Though a majority in the one province of East Galicia, the Ukrainians are a feeble minority in all Poland. Their oppression, like that of the Germans in the Polish corridor, has been a recognized but apparently insoluble problem of post-war Europe. Since there are some 30 million Ukrainians across the border in Russia—naturally sympathetic toward the Ukrainians in Poland—the harshness of the Polish troops in East Galicia amounts to thrusting a match under a powder magazine.

Courtesy N. Y. Herald Tribune

AREA OF DISTURBANCE

Shaded section indicates region where Polish troops are punishing Ukrainians

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▶▶A Lease on Life

When the German elections of September 14 resulted in a Fascist triumph, the days of Chancellor Bruening's moderate minority government seemed numbered. Profiting from Germany's discontent with war burdens, unemployment and business depression, the Fascists and Communists together gained 107 seats in the Reichstag. While the Fascist-Nationalist-Communist bloc then held 252 seats and the Socialist party 143, Chancellor Bruening could call but 178 members his own.

As is now well known, Germany's Fascists hope to establish a dictatorship under their bizarre leader, Adolf Hitler, and to repudiate all peace treaties and reparations agreements by means either legal or illegal. Hence there have been fears the world over that the Fascists and Communists together might throw Germany into such political turmoil as to ruin her credit and retard the stabilization of her business. World-wide concern over the situation was indicated by a slump in Wall Street and by an offer from an international group of bankers of a $125,000,000 loan.

On October 14 the Reichstag opened amid bursts of feverish speeches, street riots and threats from the Fascists. Meanwhile, Bruening was dickering for Socialist support. The Socialists had held and still hold the balance of power in the Reichstag; their votes in the spring had forced the September elections. While the Socialists differ almost as radically from Bruening's moderates as from the Fascists or Communists, on the major principle of preserving democratic parliamentary government they and the moderates are one.

On October 15 Chancellor Bruening presented the Reichstag with his plan for economic and social reforms without which, he said, Germany might be compelled to seek a postponement of her reparations payments. Four days later, with the Socialists supporting him, Bruening won a vote of confidence, and the Reichstag adjourned until December 3. The Bruening government has therefore received a new lease on life. How long the lease will be extended after the reassembling of the Reichstag depends entirely upon the Socialists.

▶▶Battler-Bishop

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., has filed a $5,000,000 libel suit against William Randolph Hearst, charging, among other things, that false statements regarding his private life have been made in some of Mr. Hearst's peculiar publications for people who think. The good Bishop's fight against Al Smith back in 1928 seems to have given him a taste for battle. He has been almost constantly involved in slambang rows ever since.

Hard on the heels of Mr. Cannon's anti-Smith fight came his attacks on regular Democratic leaders in Virginia and in the nation. The purpose of the one was to make Virginia regulars apologize for referring to him and his 1928 political flock as "traitors and bigots." The purpose of the other was to drive the Smith-Raskob group from control of the party. Since neither the state nor the national leaders paid him much mind, the Bishop and his followers nominated William Moseley Brown for Governor of Virginia and began their assault on the regular Democratic nominee, John Garland Pollard. Meanwhile, Mr. Cannon published his celebrated twenty-thousand-word pamphlet, "Unspotted from the World," which took on all comers—wets, Catholics and scoundrels who gibed at him for his unhappy brush with the stock market.

Wide World

STAYS IN OFFICE

Chancellor Heinrich Bruening of Germany wins first brush with Fascist-Communist bloc

Nothing daunted when the Virginia election ended with his candidate's political remains being carted quietly into oblivion, the Bishop was ready and willing to do battle again. Early this year he made a trip to Dallas and defended himself before the quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. That done, he hurried to Washington to swap punches with members of the craven Caraway lobby committee. In the meantime, he went through a few brisk work-outs with the heavy-hitting George Holden Tinkham of Massachusetts. Next came his visit to Brazil, from which he returned to defend himself against more charges brought by more of his fellow Methodists. In short, a composite picture of the Bishop's activities during the past two years would resemble a cross between Donnybrook Fair and an old-time battle-royal.

Months ago, some one, examining Mr. Cannon's record, asked in amazement, "When does the Bishop bish?" The answer is clear. The Bishop bishes between battles.

▶▶Vote Wet

The Outlook and Independent supports, and urges its readers in these states to support, the following wet key candidates:

In Connecticut, for governor, Wilbur L. Cross.

In Delaware, for senator, Thomas F. Bayard.

In Illinois, for senator, James Hamilton Lewis.

In Maryland, for governor, Albert C. Ritchie.

In Massachusetts, for senator, Marcus A. Coolidge; for governor, Joseph B. Ely.

In Montana, for senator, Albert J. Galen.

In New Jersey, for senator, Dwight W. Morrow.

In New York, for governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In Ohio, for senator, Robert J. Bulkley.

In Pennsylvania, for senator, Sedgwick Kistler; for governor, John M. Hemphill.

In Rhode Island, for senator, Peter Goelet Gerry.

The success of these candidates in the election of November 4 will help to ring down the curtain on the farce-tragedy of prohibition.

▶▶Policy for Palestine

Great Britain's statement of her future policy in Palestine does not promise any solution of the problems of that troubled land. Under a mandate from the League of Nations the British have the paradoxical tasks of converting Palestine into a national homeland for the J-

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of guaranteeing the civil and religious rights and the political development of 700,000 Arabs dominated by the 160,000 Jews already there. The August, 1929, riots in Palestine, the report last spring of the British investigating commission headed by Sir Walter Shaw and the recent criticism of the British régime by the League of Nations Mandates Commission revealed how badly Britain had failed to accomplish either of the tasks in question.

The new policy, based upon a report of Sir John Hope Simpson, indicates that more stress will be placed upon protecting the interests of the Arabs. Its announcement by Lord Passfield, British Colonial Secretary, has brought protests from the Zionists in America as well as England. Zionists scorn his plan to establish a Legislative Council comprising the High Commissioner, ten official members and twelve unofficial members to be elected by and include both Jews and Arabs. They maintain that Lord Passfield has broken the British promise to develop a Jewish national homeland in Palestine, thereby violating the obligations of the League mandate.

In reality the British policy has dictated that there must be a peaceful and prosperous Palestine before there can be any great development of the country as a homeland. Lord Passfield says that there will be no further Jewish immigration until there is more available land. He recognizes that more land can be secured only through increasing the productivity of the land already occupied. While asking for co-operation from the Arabs, co-operation and concessions from the Zionists, he announces that the British government in Palestine will forsake the old policy of letting "economic and social forces operate with a minimum of interference and control." Yet there is doubt that the new British policy will bring peace and prosperity to Palestine any more than did the old policy of "muddling through."

▶▶Tariff Tripe

ACCUSTOMED as we are to pre-election tripe, we cannot quite stomach the half-baked varieties now being peddled by Republicans and Democrats on the tariff issue.

The Democratic argument is clearly expressed in a pamphlet issued by the Democratic National Committee. It holds that the new Hawley-Smoot bill slapped a billion-dollar tariff-tax burden on the American people and contributed to business depression, the fall in our foreign trade and the stock market's nose-dive. In this there is considerable truth. Democrats, however, should be nearly as loath as Republicans to admit it. The fact is, the Democrats themselves are largely responsible for the very tariff measure they denounce. When the products of their own states are involved, Democrats are almost as hot for protection as Republicans. If you doubt it, go study the record of Congress on the Hawley-Smoot bill. Note, for example, that the Democratic Senator Copeland of New York voted to take eight commodities off the free list, advocated ten rate increases and opposed thirty-five reductions. What a foe of skyscraper tariffs he is!

The tariff position to which Republicans are swinging around in the closing days of the campaign is clearly expressed by Secretary of Labor Davis. Don't elect Democrats to the House and Senate, says Mr. Davis; if you do, they will revise the tariff rates downward and then—"Tariff debate and tariff uncertainty are the cause of business uncertainty. Business uncertainty means unemployment, business paralysis, breadlines and hungry folks."

The hole in this argument is obvious. Ever since Mr. Hoover signed the tariff bill, Republicans have pointed with pride to its flexible provision empowering the President to raise or lower rates up to fifty per cent on recommendation of the Tariff Commission. Their claim (which we frankly do not believe) has been that the commission will study the Hawley-Smoot law thoroughly and make wholesale changes in its rates. If so, tariff debate will rage at hearings before the commission for the next several years. Tariff uncertainty will persist as long as the commission continues to function. So that, if tariff debate and tariff uncertainty create unemployment, business paralysis, breadlines and hungry folks, then these Republican friends of the flexible provision have let the country in for something dreadful.

Remarkable Remarks

Any party which takes credit for the rain must not be surprised if its opponents blame it for the drought.—DWIGHT W. MORROW.

The coming election is no time for rash experiments. The best we can get will be none too good.—CALVIN COOLIDGE.

What the United States Senate needs is some new blood, some real protective tariff blood, some real Republican blood, some real American blood, some real loyalty to the Administration blood, some real downright, common sense, business blood.—GOVERNOR EDWARD C. STOKES.

There is nothing a politician hates more than losing votes.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

All the glory is gone; all the glitter is off. It is just a hard job. . . . I want nothing save to leave the city a little better than I found it.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

All these liquor agents are "jolly good fellows."—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

There is nothing wrong with sex.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

Women marry because they don't want to work.—MARY GARDEN.

▶▶French Fortifications

WRITING in the Paris newspaper, *Le Matin*, Stéphane Lauzanne, French publicist, describes the newest link in the lengthy French chain of security. His articles are not concerned with Kellogg pacts, political treaties, arbitration covenants or the League of Nations, but with the gigantic system of fortifications being built along the German frontier.

The defense line stretches around the French corner formed by Alsace and Lorraine, runs some 200 miles and includes fortifications which, all told, will cost 140 million dollars. They are modern structures, studiously planned from experience in the World War, begun last year and scheduled for completion in 1932, eighteen years after German artillery proved the worthlessness of the old-style forts at Namur and Liége.

In the first line of the new defense are "pillbox" forts, a kilometer (five-eighths of a mile) apart, mostly underground, built of reinforced concrete and equipped with telephones, fresh water supplies, electric lights and machine guns. Along the 200 miles they stretch, sunk into forests, hills and river banks, their tops blended into the surrounding terrain by well-nigh perfect camouflage. The forts have two stories, each thirty by thirty-six feet, with quarters for a dozen poilus. Supporting them from the rear is a series of larger forts—also hidden—with heavy artillery. These in turn are supported by still larger fortifications, such as those of Hackenberg

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near Metz and Hochwald in the thickly wooded mountains of the Vosges. To their rear is the fourth line of defense—huge troop shelters sunk into the ground providing safety for reserves.

With Germany sullen, Italy defiant, Russia a lost ally and England undependable, France is not only taking no chances; it is taking no chances of having a chance to take. Doubtless many Americans believe that the French have security on the brain, as indeed they have. And doubtless we too would have security on the brain had we seen the World War from their angle.

▶▶*Idea*

IT WAS Norman Pearce, radio announcer, who, all unwittingly, gave us the idea that we herewith advance—namely, that there ought to be a microphone in every American home.

Mr. Pearce, a simple, straightforward, average citizen like the rest of us, had, we suspect, rarely or never a chance to talk. We all know how that is. Our theory is that Mr. Pearce took up radio announcing because he was eager to talk and realized that constant frustration plays hob with a man's nerves. But it was no use. The moment he got in front of a microphone someone slipped a stop-watch into his hand. As we visualize the scene, just as something had put Mr. Pearce in mind of that one about the two sailors and a girl some one would jog his elbow and tell him his time was up. Mr. Pearce had a lot to say and it looked as if he never would get a chance to say it.

Then came the Radio World's Fair in New York City. Seizing his big opportunity, Mr. Pearce got a microphone and talked continuously for twenty-four hours—about China, the Halifax explosion, Australia, brotherhood, capital punishment and nobody knows what else. At the end of twenty-four hours Mr. Pearce stepped from his booth, hoarse but happy. He was the world's champion marathon talker and he was talked out.

Now our idea is that at least one microphone, attached to a long, movable arm, be installed in every American home. When a man, just warming up to his subject, has, as which of us hasn't had, the old familiar feeling of addressing the empty air, let him adjust the microphone and fire away. Or it might work another way. When the conversation is good and some one settles back to sidetrack it with a "Did I ever tell you about the time I—" slip the microphone in front of him and proceed as before. The idea has almost infinite possibilities. We intend to discuss them in minute detail just as soon as we get a microphone of our own.

Christian Citizenship Sunday

IF WE ARE to believe the Presidents and Moderators of our leading Protestant denominations, Sunday, November 2, is the date set for another celebration of the marriage of the Anti-Saloon League with the Protestant churches of America. Looking forward to that date, twenty-one leaders of American Protestantism, ranging alphabetically from Dr. Atchison of the United Presbyterian Church to Mr. Fred B. Smith of the Congregational Churches—with an occasional Anti-Saloon League leader like Dr. McBride and Bishop Nicholson dotting the list—have issued a solemn call to the Christian citizenship of the nation.

Says the call: "The drive to destroy the Eighteenth Amendment and restore the unregulated liquor traffic has assumed unprecedented proportions. That drive will not be turned back unless the Christian citizenship of the nation is aroused to turn it back at the polls. It was by a Christian crusade that the legalized liquor traffic was first outlawed. It will require another such crusade if the outlawry of that traffic is to be permanently established. To the end, therefore, that the membership of our churches may squarely face their obligations as Christian citizens in the elections November 4, we join herewith to set aside Sunday, November 2, as Christian Citizenship Sunday."

According to the *Christian Herald,* through which the call is issued, liquor, however regulated, is the destroyer of those human values and that abundant life which Jesus came to provide. No alternative other than to join the prohibition ranks remains for the "individual Christian or for the church that professes to be committed to the establishment of Jesus' way of life." To refuse to follow the leadership of the men who issued the call is to be un-Christian, a Scribe and a Pharisee, and no longer a member in good standing of the Protestant churches. In fact, the full significance of Christian Citizenship Sunday, says this spokesman, is that it will reveal that prohibition is "an ideal to which Christians stand forever committed."

Protestant Christianity in these United States is henceforth dry. The marriage at Cana is stricken from the second chapter of John. The defense of the disciples for following the ways of the publicans instead of practicing the asceticism of John is cast out of the gospels. The Pharisees' picture of Christ as a wine-bibber and a gluttonous man is forever turned to the wall. The parable of the laborers in the vineyard is deleted from the holy text. Even the cup of the covenant at the Last Supper before Golgotha must never again be mentioned. Instead, to the sayings which Mary kept in her heart there is added: "And prohibition is the moral crusade of every true Christian. On this shall my church be founded. By it shall my followers be known. Treasure the Eleventh Commandment. Thou shalt not drink."

Is it credible that the Protestantism of the Reformation has come to this? That all liberal men who carry a love for Christ in their hearts must henceforth sit outside the altars of a narrow creed because they cannot subscribe to the dicta of fifteen self-appointed Vicars of Jesus, who rule within?

The Outlook refuses to believe it. It refuses to believe that these Vicars have their authority from God or from Christ. It refuses to believe that they have the right or power to read out of the Protestant Church people who do not agree with them. It refuses to accept the *Christian Herald* as the fifth gospel. It calls on the great mass of Protestants to repudiate all church support of the prohibitionist's attempt to "dragoon the body when the necessity is to convince the soul."

Instead of resolving to vote dry on Sunday, November 2, the Outlook urges every reader to spend the day re-reading the gospels of Jesus, from the cradle in Bethlehem to the last walk at Emmaus, from the temple in Jerusalem to the anguished ascent of Golgotha. It further calls on every liberal clergyman in the country to rise and tear down the crooked cross of prejudice and bigotry which the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League are fastening upon the spires of our churches. With a full consciousness of its responsibility to its country, and with a heavy realization of the tradition which it represents, the Outlook [illegible]

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issue with those leaders of the Protestant churches who would sell the Kingdom of Heaven for the power here and now to coerce their fellowmen. If they prove to be the true Protestant leadership, the Outlook will be content to be cast forth from the church—to read its Bible outside the gates, in company with millions of other liberal-minded men and women.

Backstage in Washington

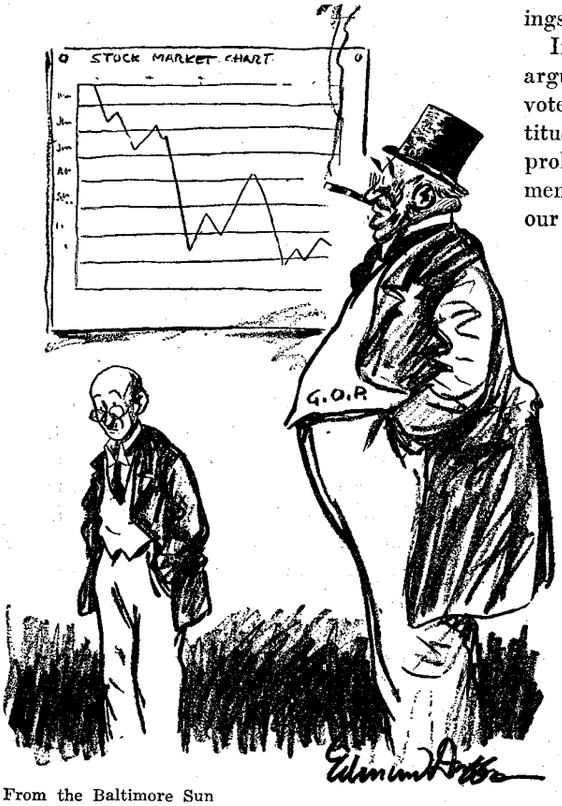
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR POLITICAL SCOUTS inform us that the outstanding development of the current campaign, and one which seems to give unity to the scattered spectacle, is the break-up of party lines. Not since 1912, we believe, has there been such a looseness of political loyalties. In making this comparison, we pass over the pilgrimages which so many southern Democrats went on in the 1928 struggle, for it is clear by now that religious prejudice alone was the motivating force in the Hoover-Smith contest.

In every state where there are close contests we find Republicans hoping to be retained in office with the aid of independent votes they have had hitherto, and Democrats beseeching traditional G.O.P. supporters to vote. The latter's prayers will, we imagine, be answered in many instances, since we find Republicans of high and low estate to be more disaffected than their Democratic brethren. Though a well-disciplined lot who usually close ranks on Election Day, believers in the party of conservatism, whether they lost margins or jobs, seem out of sorts this year. In Ohio and Illinois they may administer a severe rebuke to the G.O.P. by electing wet Democrats—Robert J. Bulkley and ex-Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, respectively.

Perhaps the best example of the confused state of affairs exists in Nebraska, where Republican stalwarts, reinforced by the power interest, the Klan and the Anti-Saloon League, seek to punish Senator Norris for his treasonable support of Al Smith two years ago. Unlike other states, where G.O.P. leaders still prefer a Progressive who wears the party label to an out-and-out Democratic partisan, the Nebraska stalwarts plan to line up behind ex-Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock. The latter, though preaching the philosophy of the two-party system and political regularity, must rely on the votes of 100,000 Republicans to elect him! We understand, however, that the insurgent state of the plains will refuse to stand hitched to any party's pole. It will, we hear, send Norris back to plague the partisans on both sides of the aisle.

Though we frequently disagree with him, we cannot but admire the Nebraskan's courage. He alone of the Progressives, we find, dares to defend and justify his opposition to the President's program. Most of the others, including Senator Schall in Minnesota, Senator McMaster in South Dakota and even Borah of Idaho, are, in general, minimizing their anti-administration record. We can hardly blame them, however, since many Democratic opponents are promising to "co-operate," if elected, with Mr. Hoover. Strangest of all, we note that these office-seeking Democrats—like Einar Hoidale in Minnesota, Governor W. J. Bulow in South Dakota and Hitchcock himself—do not dare criticize the votes of the Progressives.



From the Baltimore Sun

My, my, I just CAN'T understand it!

The chief cry against the western Progressives up for re-election, we are told, is that they cannot, by reason of their opposition to Mr. Hoover, get things for their states at Washington. They cannot, for instance, obtain new and unnecessary post office buildings or invitations to dine at the White House. These latter things, it seems, should occupy them rather than great problems like the tariff, the World Court, or opposition to a Supreme Court nomination. Tom Walsh, of Montana, who is having a hard fight for re-election, has been severely berated because Sheridan, Wyoming, though a smaller town, boasts a bigger and better post office than Billings, Montana.

In view of such strange antics and arguments, we do not wonder at the voters' plague-on-both-your-houses attitude. Growing dissatisfaction with prohibition—or with dry law enforcement—is an important factor, but, to our mind, not the most important. In the order of their effect, as we view the scene almost on election eve, the chief causes of political discontent are hard times, disillusionment at Mr. Hoover's record and prohibition. All three, of course, merge and should be reflected in a Democratic sweep on November 4.

Though we discover a tremendous lessening of the President's prestige and popularity, we note striking contrasts in the general attitude toward him. The mass of people—the farmer, the working man, the small tradesman—are inclined to be more philosophical over the passing of prosperity, and to find excuses for Mr. Hoover. They point out, truly enough, that he did not cause the Wall Street collapse, the subsequent slump and the drought. Most of them, too, think the President did his utmost to stave off a prolonged period of depression.

The "big fellows," we find, do not share this view. The financiers of New York, the grain traders of Chicago, the millers of Minneapolis, the large interest allied to agriculture and industry—these, to our mind, are the men who resent most deeply the Administration's policies and Mr. Hoover's attitude. They will exult if the Administration receives a reverse at the polls next month, and this, too, we submit, represents a startling change.

A. F. C.

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Wet Strategy at the Polls

Win If Possible, Bolt If Necessary

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

For the first time anti-prohibitionists enter elections with organized effort, and one prominent Wet predicts that his side will gain more than forty Congressmen. In this article, Mr. Mitchell, a seasoned political observer, points out that the 1930 election is only a skirmish and that the real test of the new Armies of Repeal will come in the next Presidential conventions and election. Here Mr. Mitchell reveals the work of women wets as well as men.

"Repeal in 1935" seems to be the battle cry

THE liveliest issue in the present campaign is prohibition. This is the first election in which the wets have been organized, and the dash and spirit which they are exhibiting has disconcerted a good many of our politicians.

The various newspaper and magazine polls conducted during the last year and a half have indicated clearly enough that a majority of the people of this country are dissatisfied with prohibition. Nevertheless, the wets face a tremendous task. It is not easy to repeal an amendment to our Constitution. The drys have felt, and openly boasted, that prohibition was safe for at least a generation to come.

The wet high command has made no public announcement of its plans. Major Henry H. Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, simply says that repeal will come in 1935. Back of this sibylline utterance, it is now becoming apparent, lies an ingenious and carefully worked-out program of action. On it the elections next month occupy a vitally important place, especially those in the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts.

The most expeditious way for the wets to bring about the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is to capture control of the next Republican National Convention, which meets in the spring of 1932, twenty months away. To track down the individual senators and representatives to their home counties and defeat them, would be a heart-breaking job. But if the wets capture the party in power, timid Congressmen will hop over to the wet side in hordes and the fight will be won.

Of course, the Republicans may not carry the 1932 presidential election, and may not be the party in power. But the wets do not need to worry very much about the Democrats. If the Democratic Party is to have any chance of winning the 1932 elections it will have to be wet or at least generously moist. The Democrats at their next National Convention cannot repudiate the present Smith-Raskob-duPont leadership without precipitating another cat-and-dog fight which will destroy them as surely as the 1924 fracas did in New York.

TO MAKE certain their control of the 1932 Republican Convention the wets need Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts. Recourse to a little arithmetic will make this clear. The historic tools of the politician's trade are a stub pencil and an envelope.

The Republican organization of New Jersey is wet. Dwight W. Morrow settled that last June. Wets under the reluctant leadership of Charles H. Tuttle, candidate for governor, have now captured the New York Republican machine. Referenda are being held this year in Illinois and Rhode Island which, if the wets win them—and it seems fairly certain they are going to—will deliver the Republican parties of both those states into their hands. By 1932, the wets will almost surely have the Republican organizations of Connecticut, Delaware and Maryland.

If to this list of states the wets can add Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts, they will go to the Republican National Convention in 1932 with a homogeneous bloc of almost exactly four hundred delegates. Four hundred delegates under militant leadership can dominate the Convention. The wets will pick up strength in the west and far west. Wisconsin and Montana, for example, will send delegations as wet as any from the eastern seaboard, and a number of other western states are likely to do the same.

At worst the wets should be able to deadlock the Convention. At best they will be able to force the surrender of Mr. Hoover. The moment they secure the Administration's one hundred and fifty pocket delegates from the deep South, the wets will have the clear majority needful to write a repeal plank into the 1932 Republican platform.

Political forecasting ranks among the hazardous occupations, like parachute jumping and flagpole sitting. Any one of a thousand things may happen before November, 1932, to change the political landscape utterly. There may be a major political scandal. Business conditions might grow worse instead of better. But the probability is that 1932 will be the crucial period of the wet fight, and this makes the elections this year so important.

THE wets are making their main demonstration of strength in Pennsylvania. Last May they ran their own ticket in the Republican primaries, spent upwards of $100,000 and polled 280,000 votes. They caused the defeat of the straddling Vare machine candidate, Francis Shunk Brown. Now, for the November elections, the wets have formed a third party, the Liberal Party, the creation of which is by all odds the most significant step they have made.

The Liberal Party has named as its candidate for governor John H. Hemphill. Mr. Hemphill is also the regular Democratic nominee. The Liberal Party is thus essentially a device to permit wet Pennsylvania Republicans to bolt their party without profaning the memory of their forefathers by voting the Democratic ticket.

The great political strength of the drys has lain hitherto in the fact that if they did not get what they wanted they bolted. Pennsylvania this year is serving to show the nation that wets are equally ready to bolt. Threats are being made that the Liberal Party will enter other states. There have even been mutterings that if the Administration does not adopt a repeal plank in 1932, the Liberal Party will nominate former Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr.—who with Major Curran supplies most of the political brains of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment—for president, and stage a nation-wide revolt.

The wets are organized in three national groups, the Association, the a[illegible]

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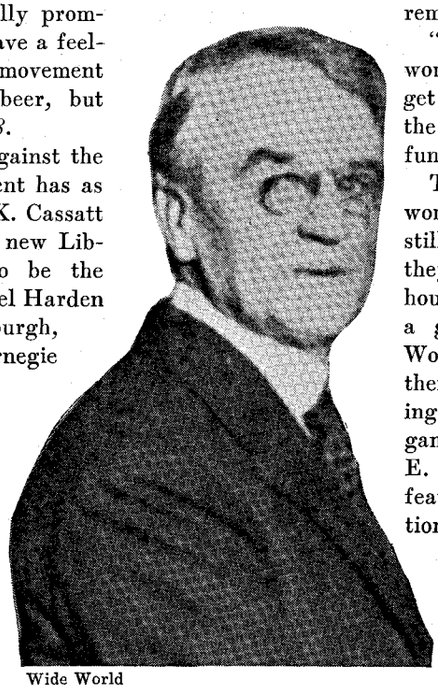
erative Women's Temporary Organization for Temperance Reform and the Crusaders. All three organizations are officered, and to a large extent manned, by members of socially prominent families. You have a feeling that this is a movement to bring back not beer, but *Chateau Yquem, 1878.*

The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment has as its chairman Robert K. Cassatt of Philadelphia. The new Liberal Party seems to be the child of Colonel Samuel Harden Church of Pittsburgh, president of the Carnegie Institute. Until the formation of the Liberal Party, Colonel Church was one of the prominent Republican conservatives. He seems not to have changed entirely, for he wants the Liberal Party to espouse the repeal of the Seventeenth Amendment, which provides for the direct election of Senators, along with the repeal of the Eighteenth, so that the Senate will again become "the conservative upper house that the Constitution intended it to be . . . . to safeguard the country against emotional legislation."

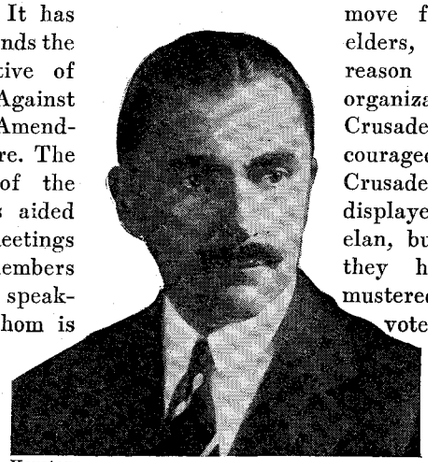


Wide World

DWIGHT W. MORROW

Republican candidate for senator of New Jersey

The Liberal Party is conducting its campaign along thoroughly professional lines, with ample headquarters and paid publicity staff. It has had whatever funds the national executive of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment could spare. The state branch of the Association has aided by arranging meetings among its members and providing speakers, chief of whom is Senator Wadsworth. It has sent out a large quantity of excellent campaign literature.



Keystone

JOHN M. HEMPHILL

Pennsylvania's Democratic-Liberal candidate for governor

While male Pennsylvania wets have been busy playing high politics the women, under the leadership of Mrs. Graham Dougherty of Philadelphia, have undertaken the endless, weary business of house-to-house canvassing. One of the more politically sophisticated women wets remarked sadly:

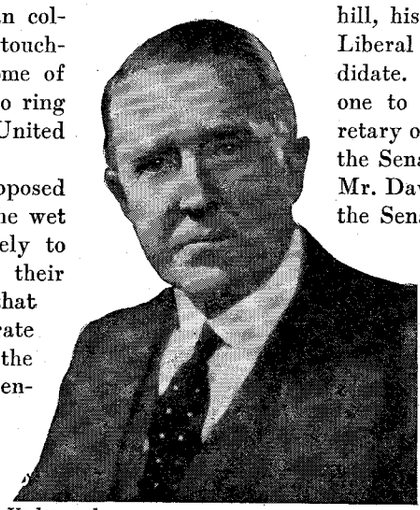
"Somehow in politics women always seem to get the hard work, and the men have all the fun."

The majority of the women, however, are still in the state where they regard house-to-house canvassing as a glorious adventure. Women wets have to their credit one smashing victory. The Michigan women, under Mrs. E. S. Barbour, defeated for renomination Representative Louis C. Cramton, dry floor leader in the House. This was accomplished by sheer dint of ringing doorbells and asking for the lady-of-the-house. Women wets decided that their Michigan colleagues had found the touchstone of success, and some of them are now planning to ring every doorbell in the United States.

Originally it was supposed that the young men of the wet movement would be likely to move faster than their elders, and for that reason their separate organization, as the Crusaders, was encouraged. The Crusaders have displayed great elan, but so far they have not mustered many votes. During the present campaign, most of their energies have been absorbed by a project to raise a $10,000,000 fund, with all the paraphernalia of a college endowment drive. "Crusader Week" has just ended.

With a $10,000,000 fund behind them, the Crusaders would undoubtedly be in a position to put in some mighty licks for the wet cause. There is a danger, however, in spending too much time in getting ready to begin to commence to start. By the time the Crusaders have finished raising $10,000,000 by small, voluntary contributions they may find that the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment and the women have already forced Congress to act.

Individually, some of the Crusaders have been magnificent. Recently Malcolm E. Greenough, chairman of the Massachusetts branch, stepped forward and berated President Hoover roundly for permitting Prohibition Director Amos W. Woodcock to accept a speaking engagement in Boston. Mr. Greenough, in his serene conviction of the rightness of his cause, was a refreshing contrast to those of his elders who seem perpetually afraid that some one will jump from behind a bush and accuse them of being in league with the brewers, and whose utterances are, in consequence, overly orthodox and timid.



Underwood

ROBERT K. CASSATT

Chairman of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment

THE Pennsylvania wets are concentrating upon the defeat of Gifford Pinchot, official if not regular Republican nominee for governor. Mr. Hemphill, his opponent, is the Liberal Party's only candidate. It has named no one to run against Secretary of Labor Davis for the Senatorship, although Mr. Davis is a dry and in the Senate would be able to vote directly upon the question of repeal.

The intricacies of Pennsylvania Republican politics form a subject about which no one should speak with certainty. There is a general belief, however, that Colonel Church has some sort of an understanding with the Vare organization. It is a plausible hypothesis. Neither the Vare-Philadelphia nor the Mellon-Pittsburgh machine wants Pinchot as governor. As between Pinchot and Hemphill, they can have very little choice. On the other hand, Secretary Davis is a Vare man, and the Vare machine is very anxious to have him

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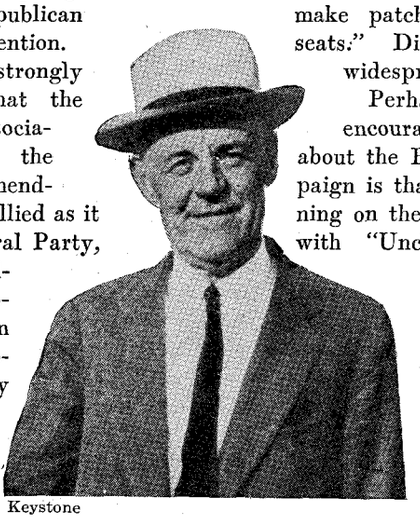
win. Presumably it seeks a cut in the federal patronage which now drifts Pittsburgh-ward.

The Vare organization has never been conspicuous for its devotion to the dry cause. It does not appear illogical, then, to suppose an agreement between it and the Liberal Party whereby the Liberal Party will aid in defeating Pinchot and electing Davis, and the Vare machine, in 1932, will furnish a state delegation pledged to demand repeal at the Republican National Convention.

It must be strongly emphasized that the National Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, closely allied as it is to the Liberal Party, has not followed the Liberal Party in refusing to oppose Secretary Davis. It has endorsed Sedgwick M. Kistler, Mr. Davis's Democratic rival.



Keystone

"UNCLE" GEORGE WHITE

Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio

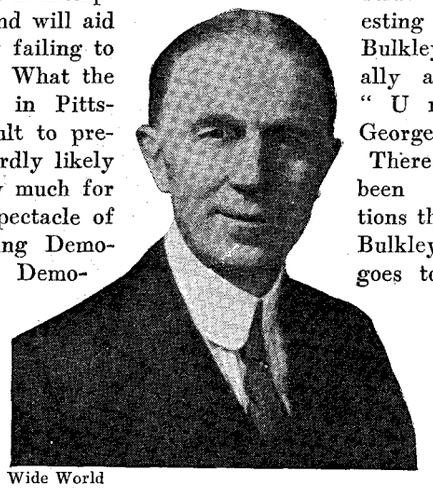
Normally Pennsylvania is Republican by some 800,000 votes. Last spring the wets commanded an independent vote of about 300,000. To beat Pinchot they must get a half million more. Probably the Vare organization will throw a few votes in Hemphill's direction, and will aid him indirectly by failing to vote for Pinchot. What the Mellons will do in Pittsburgh it is difficult to predict. It seems hardly likely they will do very much for Hemphill. The spectacle of Pennsylvania going Democratic, or even Democratic-Liberal, would shock too many people.

In Ohio, the wet fight centers around Robert Johns Bulkley, Democratic candidate for Senator, and a true wet. The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is Mr. Bulkley's sole issue. With it, to every one's surprise he won the Democratic nomination and with it he expects to win the election.

Acute political observers say that Mr. Bulkley's chances are excellent. Ohio is a normally Republican state, but there is no normal Republican majority, as former Governor Donahey demonstrated on several occasions. Just now, according to local politicians, mothers in the rural Ohio districts are "cutting the pockets off their kids' overalls to make patches for the seats." Discontent is widespread.

Perhaps the most encouraging thing about the Bulkley campaign is that he is running on the same ticket with "Uncle George" White of Marietta, former Democratic National Committee chairman and friend of Beman G. Dawes, brother of the Ambassador. "Uncle George" is Democratic candidate for governor, and no one believes he would have accepted the nomination unless he had had assurances that he would win. Straw votes, taken by Ohio newspapers, are giving Bulkley and White a three to two lead over their Republican opponents. In these straw votes, it is interesting to add, Bulkley is usually ahead of "Uncle George."

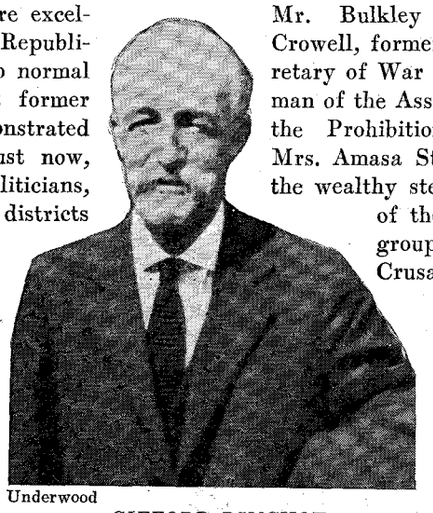
There have been indications that Mr. Bulkley, if he goes to Washington, intends to contest the wet leadership of the Senate with the Wisconsin Senator Blaine. To be wet spokesman in the Senate during the next two years will mean nation-wide publicity, and Ohio is always a good state for a presidential aspirant to come from. Almost inevitably, Bulkley will be one of the "logical candidates" presented to the next Democratic National Convention.



Wide World

CHARLES H. TUTTLE

Republican nominee for governor of New York



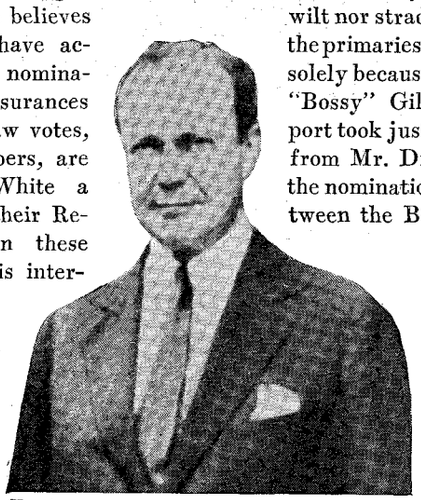
Underwood

GIFFORD PINCHOT

Republican gubernatorial candidate in Pennsylvania

The wet leaders in Ohio working for Mr. Bulkley are Benedict Crowell, former Assistant Secretary of War and state chairman of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment; Mrs. Amasa Stone Mather, of the wealthy steel family, head of the Ohio women's group; and for the Crusaders, Fred G. Clark, founder of that organization, and L. C. Hanna, Jr. Mr. Hanna is kinsman of the famous Mark, and of Mrs. McCormick, whom women wets in Illinois are opposing with some reluctance.

Wet prospects in Massachusetts, the third crucial state, are nearly as brilliant as in Ohio. William Morgan Butler, former official chaperon of President Coolidge, is Republican candidate for Senator. Mr. Butler is dry—"I will neither wilt nor straddle"—and won in the primaries over Eben Draper solely because the irrepressible "Bossy" Gillis of Newburyport took just enough wet votes from Mr. Draper to give him the nomination. The breach between the Butler and Draper adherents, arising from the primary, is still unhealed.



Keystone

ROBERT J. BULKLEY

Democratic candidate for senator in Ohio

The Democratic opponent of Mr. Butler is Marcus Aurelius Coolidge of Fitchburg, a wet. Al Smith, who carried Massachusetts in 1928 when he lost his own New York, is speaking for Mr. Coolidge whose election, with the Republicans angry and divided, is generally predicted. The Boston *Transcript* mournfully prophesies that Mr. Coolidge will receive the votes of at least 10,000 people who think they are voting for the former president. Marcus Aurelius and Calvin, it might be added, are not related.

One of the important benefits of the

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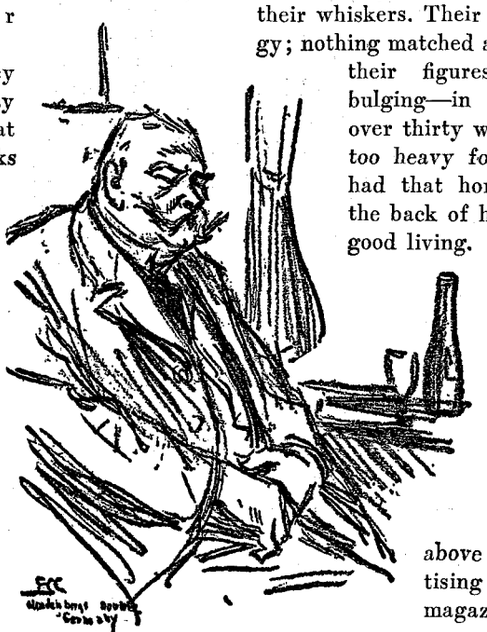
▸▸ Foreigners Are Queer ◂◂

By WALTER R. BROOKS

THE manners and customs of outlanders have always been matter for criticism and ridicule. Hence "outlandish," first applied to things merely different, soon came to suggest something senseless and grotesque. The average traveler in foreign parts is quick to spot differences. But instead of looking for the reason behind them, he finds them queer and distasteful.

"Why can't they do things the way we do them at home?" he asks testily.



Illustrations from "Towns and People of Modern Germany" by Robert Medill McBride (McBride)

The differences, of course, are what make travel interesting, though the traveler seldom realizes it. "See America First" has never been a completely successful argument because the differences in America are not great enough. "It's different" is a far stronger appeal.

If the average traveler could be brought to realize this he would have a much better time. Instead of finding fault with the very things that delight him, he would accept them, make the most of them, even exaggerate them. Then he would begin to look for the reasons behind them, and so would come to some understanding of both national differences and the fundamental likenesses between men. Even those who travel simply to gather a supply of table talk for the coming winter would find their talk vastly improved by an understanding of the differences they chronicle.

One of these differences, it seems to me, has rather escaped attention. I refer to the effort made by German men to appear ferocious. After my first day in a German city I wondered: What ideal, what standard are these Germans trying to conform to? For obviously it was something quite different, quite foreign to American ideas. These men were not at all influenced by advertising of the Arrow collar type. They were not trying to look alert, neat, business-like, well-dressed and a little hard-boiled. They were certainly not trying to look handsome or graceful. Their hair was close cropped or bristling; there was a wild individuality evident in the training of their whiskers. Their clothes were baggy; nothing matched anything else; and their figures were massive, bulging—in fact every man over thirty was twenty pounds too heavy for his height, and had that horizontal crease in the back of his neck caused by good living.

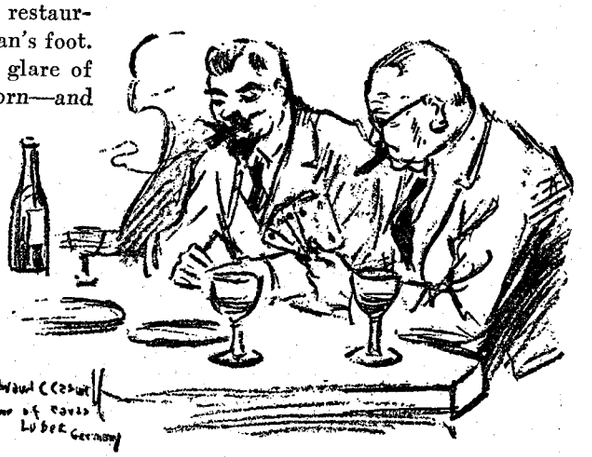
A stranger in America would find the clue to the similarities in the appearance of American men in the movies, in certain ideals of business life, and above all in the advertising pages of the magazines. But in Germany none of these trails led anywhere. Yet through all these eccentricities and diversities ran a thread of likeness; it was there though I could not put a name to it, and until it was named it was not thoroughly recognized.

And then, walking into a restaurant, I stumbled over a German's foot. He looked up at me with a glare of concentrated hate and scorn—and then apologized with the utmost grace and kindliness. Obviously, I thought as I sat down at my table, the glare was fictitious; he is really a pleasant and mellow person with a wife and children who adore him, and a little garden out back of his house where he sits in the evening and smokes his pipe and pulls his dachshund's ears. The glare is simply a mask. He wants to appear ferocious.

Then I looked about me. At the next table a man was eating ice cream with such a look of malignant ferocity as you might see on the face of a cannibal devouring the liver of his enemy. Beyond, another was reading a newspaper which, did you judge by his expression, must print only death sentences. Further off, another man was ordering a waiter to bring him what I was certain from his harsh clipped words and scowling face must be a bucket of blood. All around me were still others, glaring, scowling, bending brows of hatred and defiance upon one another, twisting warlike moustachios into still more frightening shapes. Of course! They were all trying to look ferocious.

Once the clue was found it was easy enough to follow. Everywhere—but particularly among the older men—was this curious effort to give the impression that a kindly, sentimental, methodical father-of-a-family was really an enraged steam roller. The effort is in general rather successful. Retreating chins can be masked by piratical beards, kindly eyes shadowed by bristling eyebrows, snub noses made portentous by the addition on each side of the spike of a vertically trained moustache. It was remarkable what some of these men had managed to do with the very little that their Creator had endowed them with.

Other evidences, too, of an attempt to conform to an ideal of ferocity are not hard to find. The practically continuous performance of the German motorist on his horn is simply another attempt to frighten. A great deal of German courtesy is the courtesy of the duellist. The walking stick resembles a weapon.



Just what is the idea of imposing this mask of ferocity on a kindly people—for the Germans are immensely kind and

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▶▶ Lord Birkenhead ◀◀

By REBECCA WEST

I REMEMBER over the lapse of nearly ten years, as definitely the most infuriating spectacle that I have ever seen in my life, the late Lord Birkenhead playing tennis. He slouched on to the court, though his body was superb and should have been carried proudly, one great oblong hand trailing a tennis racket as if he were uncertain whether he could bother not to drop it, the other tossing three balls in the air in a manner that would have been just excusable had he been the only man since the beginning of time who had been able to perform that feat.

On his large and handsome face he wore the pompous and meaningless expression which is affected by the statelier and less efficient sort of manicurist when she carries her dish of soap and water across the room, the eyebrows raised, the chin dropped but the mouth closed, the whole advertising a state of bored superiority over somebody who was not there on an issue which was purely imaginary. He bore himself with such swaggering vulgarity of movement that his white flannel trousers looked as loud as the loudest checks. The effect was appalling; and his body did not lie. That was the man, or part of the man.

Arrogance was his constant quality. He was amazed by any criticism directed against himself. A man who had close business relations with him, and who was obliged by an unlucky turn of affairs to repeat to him much justified comment of an adverse nature, told me that this painful duty never had any useful results because Lord Birkenhead was always so staggered at the mere idea that anybody had dared to accuse him that he never could progress to considering the substance of the accusation. He was willing to admit that he might have blundered and greatly inconvenienced other people thereby; but he was astounded that they should dare to mention it, because it seemed to him that they must have realized that they were his inferiors, and that though he might nod at times he nevertheless belonged to a superior order of being. When they judged him by the ordinary standards applied to others it affected him like blasphemy.

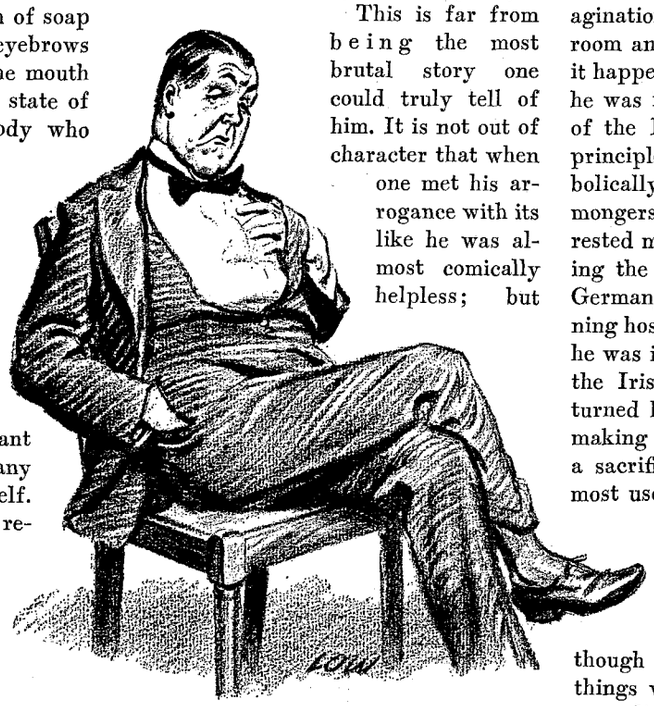
There, when he could, he punished them; and that terribly. One characteristic example of his punitive methods occurred when he lunched with a certain American hostess in London. Long before the meal was finished he drew out a cigar and began to smoke it. At a formal luncheon in London this is still an unpardonable crime. The incensed hostess waited for a lull in the conversation to demand with acid meekness,

"I hope you do not mind, Lord Birkenhead, if I go on eating while you smoke?"

The sledge-hammer fell:

"Certainly not, if you do it quietly."

This is far from being the most brutal story one could truly tell of him. It is not out of character that when one met his arrogance with its like he was almost comically helpless; but few dared to seize the opportunity when it appeared.



LORD BIRKENHEAD
As pictured by Low. From "Lions and Lambs"
(Courtesy Harcourt, Brace, publishers)

THIS truculence, which can hardly have been parallelled since the days of the eighteenth century bullies, disfigured hardly any of his legal work. His mind, which was one of the most superb machines that any man has ever possessed, was genuinely interested in law; which was curious, for it was certainly not interested in order. Peace he would shatter in the course of a gesture, just as often arguing at a dinner-table his denunciatory hands would send a wine glass spinning. He would not have crossed the road if some one had told him that by doing so he would give us peace in our time; he was accustomed to stare insolently, blowing over his protruded lower lip at those who owned themselves ambitious of ending war. But this was only because war and peace were abstract nouns and he had no use for abstractions.

When there actually came before him a decision that would result in real people whom he knew being hurt or being healed, he chose that they should be healed. But he had to know them first. They had to be brought into the room for him to see and hear; his imagination could not go forth from the room and show him their essence. Thus it happened that in 1913 and 1914 when he was in opposition and knew nothing of the Irish question save in terms of principle, he was one of the most diabolically active of the Ulster rebellion-mongers. On him and on Lord Carson rested most heavily the guilt of producing the state of civil war which made Germany think it propitious for beginning hostilities. But after the War, when he was in the Government and had seen the Irish problem from the inside, he turned his fine brain to the one end of making peace in Ireland. This meant a sacrifice of many of his dearest and most useful friends. It was also an admission of past but still recent folly more sweeping than most of us would want to make.

But it was a dominant trait of this curious man that although his integrity as regards little things was dubious it was impregnable regarding great issues. He would write articles that were thinly disguised advertising puffs, intolerably undignified for a Minister of the Crown. But not one of his enemies would have believed it if they had heard that Birkenhead had sold himself to do the work of democracy or labor or any of the things that seemed evil to him. That perhaps explains why, though it is true that he habitually swaggered like a "champeen," he also had looked about him sometimes as if after all he had enough to spare, as if he had in his deep heart, though nowhere else, an assured felicity.

Because Lord Birkenhead's law practice brought before him concrete prob-

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lems, and because the eminence of his legal position insured that these problems often referred to supremely important issues, he was a great lawyer. It was as if a china figure, a Toby jug or some such ceramic commemoration of pot-bellied English revelry, had been miraculously sundered and had disclosed a Greek bronze. Shapely, finely wrought, hard as metal, were his judgments. True in the courts as everywhere else he had his lapses. There was a scene once in the judicial court of the House of Lords, shameful to read about, so shameful to see that even the decorum of the law courts, which is nearly as infrangible as anything in England, was in danger of dissolving into shocked cries, when Lord Birkenhead nagged and stormed and harried Sir John Simon for some trifling breach of etiquette. It was like a scene in an old-fashioned school story where the big bully gets hold of the little cripple. But that was because Sir John Simon was his political opponent.

Lord Birkenhead really believed, with the most astounding naïveté, that everybody who did not hold the same political faith as himself were exceedingly wicked persons. He believed that all Radicals, from the reddest Communists to the palest Liberals, were either fools or villains. It was that illusion which accounted for some of his supremest follies, the kind that drove him out of politics and architected his ruin. When he sat up in bed in a New York hotel during his war-time visit to America and told the reporters that of course it had been certain that Casement (whom he himself had prosecuted) would be hanged, that "the judge had gone down to court with a black cap in his pocket," he was unaware that anybody in the whole world could feel that Casement, who was an enemy of the British Empire, had any human rights. Intellectually, of course, he knew that there must exist some people who felt like that, but emotionally he could not realize it.

This respect for the Empire sprang from a real respect for the institutions of society, because they served the capitalist system. Lord Birkenhead worshipped wealth. I do not mean that he was stingy or money-grubbing. He had in every way the most generous attitude to money. I mean that the scenery which riches build round their possessors seemed to him infinitely beautiful, and he could not conceive that earth had any better guerdon. In a speech he made to the students of Glasgow University when he was Lord Rector he profoundly shocked the whole country by telling them that "the glittering prizes" of wealth and position were all the motive that first-class minds could have as their incentive. That was truly the case with him. He had been born into the most tedious class in the whole of English society, the son of a lawyer in a small way of business in a provincial town. That world knows neither the easy leisure of the monied nor the hearty freedoms of the poor. The dreariest Main Street in America is no worse than this. A child with brains born into this milieu is bound to long for money and power, unless its genius is of the poetic kind. Lord Birkenhead longed for them, and got them when he was thirty-four. At that early age he made his mark in Parliament and was taken to the bosom of the Conservative party, to the real and personal affection of nearly all its leaders. So his rise was rapid, and he was not allowed to fall even when his tongue tried to cast him down on the rocks.

He had an extraordinary charm for men. In spite of his obvious masculinity, beauty and strength, which in his youth were amazing, few women were attracted to him. I do not believe that there was one intelligent woman in the world, except his wife, who married him when she was very young, who did not find him boring and exasperating. But nearly all men were enchanted by him. He had an army of friends who forgave him every negligence and ungraciousness out of his charm. His career reared itself higher and higher without an effort. He must often have congratulated himself on being right. Great wealth was indeed the most desirable thing in the world. Every one who wanted to diminish it or shear it of its privileges was a fool, a rogue. His truculence intensified a thousandfold.

But it all went wrong. One had pursued wealth and won it just when it was ceasing to give its worshippers what they wanted. The tax collector came and took too much of it. One's friends, the industrialists and the inheritors of established fortunes that make up the inner circle of the Conservative Party, could bear his exactions better than even the best-paid professional man. One went on competing; and then there was debt. It grew and grew until it was a burden that not even a Colossus could bear unmoved. No famous man, with the possible exception of Sir Walter Scott, has ever before worked under such a crushing weight. One became more and more truculent, naturally enough, as one saw how right one was in one's regard for wealth and what idiots those were who wanted to annul this only good. One began to make enemies. Moreover, the friends one had made were sometimes unlike one in having no ultimate reserve, in erecting barriers in the realm of conduct beyond which one did not pass. One had to leave politics because of these enmities and these uncertain friends. One had to go into business, to pay those awful debts. The loyal flocked forward with enormously lucrative posts, but the only hitch was that one knew nothing about the work. Tact and discretion were needed too, and one had never bothered about those things. Also something seemed to be happening to one's body, that one had always overworked and overstimulated as one liked. Perhaps it was flesh after all, and not a magnificent piece of cannon. Perhaps one was dying.

His face in those last days showed that this divergence from his triumphant intention had done well for him. Part of him had never been vulgar, and this was able to stand equal with adversity. The last time I saw him was a year or so ago in a public place. I did not speak to him; our relationship had always been limited to the exchange of defensive incivilities. In a doorway I was obliged to halt behind him and his party. One of them while we were standing mentioned that he had been visited by a certain woman who had once been a great hostess in London and a beloved friend of many, and who had trodden a squalid path down to undignified disgrace.

"Oh God! Did she want money?" asked somebody else, in a tone that his memory of the times he had eaten at her table should have forbidden. Lord Birkenhead blared in his face, the very trumpet-horn of truculence, pouting out that lower lip, *"I liked her."* Then, after the crushed man had for a minute or two stuttered out that he had meant nothing unkind, Lord Birkenhead repeated musingly, "I liked her." And it was apparent that he was thinking (about some one who was in fact grown a very sordid and unloveable nuisance) with the utmost handsomeness, with a tenderness that showed a very gentlemanly spirit towards the human adventure. It refused to apply the criteria

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▶▶ Enforcement Limps Along ◀◀

By CHARLES MERZ

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In Part V of "The Dry Decade" Mr. Merz discusses the attitude toward prohibition of Presidents Harding and Coolidge, and describes the feeble efforts at enforcement of the Prohibition Bureau.

•

IT IS one of the striking facts in the story of the first years of national prohibition that no President challenged Congress to accept responsibility for its own legislation. No President pointed out the difficulty of attempting to enforce the law with an inadequate staff of agents. No President volunteered to lead a crusade in behalf of larger appropriations.

Whether the duty of leading such a crusade properly rested on the President is an open question. The President was not a supreme prohibition agent. He had many laws to enforce, many policies to frame and many bureaus to remember. It is possible that if he had set himself at the task of persuading Congress to appropriate enough funds for a serious effort at enforcement, he would have had no time for any other public business. It is also possible that if he had succeeded in this effort he would have capsized his own budget.

Without leading a crusade, however, the President might have pointed out to Congress the anomaly of his position. He was sworn to enforce the law. He could not enforce the law with the equipment at his command. With 3,347 enforcement agents on its payroll in 1924, it was theoretically the duty of the government to prosecute 40,000 prohibition cases in the federal courts, to guard 13,000 miles of seacoast and of border, to safeguard against diversion 57,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol and, with what help it could obtain from the states, to prevent the manufacture of intoxicating liquor in the kitchens or the basements of 20,000,000 homes.

In these circumstances it would have been logical for any President in the early years of prohibition to confront Congress with an ultimatum, insisting either that enough funds be made available for an honest effort to administer the law or that Congress clear the executive department of responsibility for its enforcement.

IN THE collected papers of the Presidents of the United States there are six references to the problem of enforcement in the first four years of prohibition, but no suggestion of an ultimatum.

1. In an address at Marion, Ohio, on July 4, 1922, Mr. Harding declared that "the Eighteenth Amendment denies to a minority a fancied sense of personal liberty, but the Amendment is the will of America and must be sustained by the government and by public opinion[1]."

2. Five months later, Mr. Harding repeated his conviction that prohibition represented the will of the American people, but suggested that "in plain speaking there are conditions relating to its enforcement which savor of nation-wide scandal." Mr. Harding suggested two ways of improving these conditions. He urged a wider respect for the law on the part of private citizens. He also urged a larger contribution to enforcement by the states[2].

3. In May of the following year, at a time when the legislature of New York had repealed its state enforcement law, Mr. Harding expressed his fear that "if the federal government is at length compelled to enter upon the territory and jurisdiction of the state and to set up those police and judicial authorities which would be required, the most difficult and trying situations would inevitably arise. More or less conflict between state and federal authorities would seem unavoidable in such circumstances[3]."

4. In a speech at Denver, in the course of his last trip west, Mr. Harding once more urged a less partisan attitude toward the law and more respect for it as part of the Constitution. "Ours must be a law-abiding Republic and reverence and obedience must spring from the influential and the leaders among men, as well as obedience from the humbler citizen, else the temple will collapse." He repeated his plea for more state assistance, from dry states as well as wet states. "It is a singular fact that some states which successfully enforced their own prohibition statutes before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted have latterly gone backward in this regard[4]."

1. *New York Times*, July 5, 1922.
2. Message to Congress, December 8, 1922.
3. *New York Times*, May 17, 1923.
4. *New York Times*, June 26, 1923.

5. Mr. Coolidge, who had succeeded Mr. Harding in mid-summer of 1923, made his first reference to prohibition in an address before a conference of governors in October of that year. In this address Mr. Coolidge urged that the governors take home with them a message to their legislatures that "neither the Eighteenth Amendment nor the prohibition act undertakes to relieve the states of their responsibility relative to intoxicating liquors." He discussed the responsibility of the individual citizen. "The complementary duty to enforcement of the law is obedience to the law." He defined for the assembled governors the central problem of enforcement. "The main problem arises from those who are bent on making money by an illegal traffic in intoxicating liquors. If this could be eliminated, the rest would be easy[5]."

6. The last reference to the problem of enforcement in the first four years of prohibition occurred in Mr. Coolidge's message to Congress in December, 1923. In this address the President repeated his plea to the private citizen to obey the law, again urged the importance of a substantial contribution by the states, suggested as the contribution of the federal government "a supply of swift motor boats" and the strengthening of the Coast Guard, and declared that "the major sources of production should be rigidly regulated[6]."

The Prohibition Bureau, charged with responsibility for regulating the major sources of production, was at this time operating on an appropriation of $8,250,000. It had had $8,500,000 for the previous year, but in the interest of post-war economy a quarter of a million dollars had been cut from this sum in the budget submitted to Congress by the executive department[7].

IN THE messages and public statements in which two Presidents had discussed the problem of prohibition in the first four years of this experiment there was much comment on the duties of the states, some comment on the duties of the federal government and an earnest exhortation to the public to obey the law. In these statements and messages, however, there was no attempt on the part of the President either to urge

5. *New York Times*, October 21, 1923.
6. Message to Congress, December 6, 1923.
7. *Estimate of Appropriations for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1924*, p. 669.

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Congress to increase its appropriations or to take away from Congress full responsibility for establishing the major principles of a policy of enforcement.

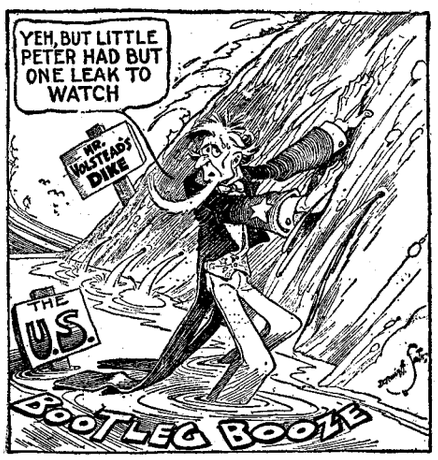
Through these early years from 1920 to 1924 the executive branch of the government was apparently ready to stand on the theory that since the legislative branch had chosen to originate the experiment with national prohibition on its own initiative, it was plainly the duty of the legislative branch, and not of the executive branch, to carry the experiment successfully to a conclusion. This policy was entirely satisfactory to Congress.

For a hard-pressed Prohibition Bureau which could feed, meantime, neither on the inexpensive oratory of Congress nor on the exhortations addressed by successive Presidents to the public, the early years of this adventure were not easy ones. The Prohibition Bureau could not ignore the concrete problems of enforcement which the Presidents had left to Congress and Congress had chosen to ignore. The Bureau was forced to attack these problems as best it could, with a staff which had an average payroll of 3060 agents for the years from 1920 to 1925, including clerks and stenographers as well as active agents in the field[8].

Obviously with such a staff the activi-

Second battle of Lake Erie

ties of the Bureau were strictly circumscribed. There were certain things which it could do. There were other things which lay beyond its power to accomplish. It is possible to define the authority of the Bureau with some precision by the end of 1925. For at this time the Senate Committee on the Judiciary unexpectedly initiated a series of hearings which brought to the witness-stand the chief enforcement officers of the government, including General Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition work, and Dr. James M. Doran, Chief of the Chemical Division of the Prohibition Bureau. The testimony of these wit-



REMEMBER THE STORY OF LITTLE PETER AND THE DIKE?

Cartoon commentaries on the enforcement problem in 1921

nesses supplies an accurate index of the ability of the government's enforcement service to deal in 1925 with the chief sources of illegal liquor which had constituted its chief problem from the outset.

THE first important source of supply of a new traffic which defied the government was liquor smuggled along the seacoasts and across the borders. Until 1924 the Bureau had received only a limited amount of assistance from the Coast Guard. In 1924, however, Congress reorganized the Coast Guard, permitting a temporary increase in its personnel and transferring to its control twenty second-class destroyers to be reconditioned at a cost of $13,000,000[9]. This fleet was intended primarily to make war upon Rum Row.

Meantime, to prevent smuggling of liquor across the inland borders, the Prohibition Bureau had in the early years of its enforcement efforts a staff of thirty-five men to post along a Mexican frontier 1,744 miles in length (and to cover the states of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, incidentally)[10] and a larger and more variable staff for the Canadian frontier. It also had assistance from Customs Service agents not otherwise engaged, from Coast Guard vessels operating in the Great Lakes and from a convention signed with the government of Canada providing for the notification of American officials when any vessel cleared from a Canadian port with a cargo of liquor known to be, or suspected to be, intended for shipment to the United States.

The co-operation of the Coast Guard and the convention with Canada were unquestionably of assistance to the Prohibition Bureau in the prevention of rum-running. They were not a satisfactory substitute, however, for a force of agents adequate to maintain an effective watch over a long seacoast and border. In 1923 the Department of Commerce under Mr. Hoover estimated that the value of liquor smuggled into the United States amounted to $20,000,000 in 1922[11]. For 1923 it increased its estimate to $30,000,000 and for 1924 to $40,000,000, with the comment that "in the opinion of officials connected with the Customs Service this is a low estimate[12]."

Asked at the hearings of the Senate committee to estimate what proportion of liquor smuggled into the United States had actually been caught by the end of 1925, General Andrews suggested five per cent[13].

The second major problem of the Prohibition Bureau was industrial alcohol. Year by year the production

By jing, the old ceiling leaks!

of this type of alcohol had been increasing at a rapidly accelerating pace, either as the result of the expansion of the chemical industry or the expansion of

8. *Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for the Fiscal Years ended June 30, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925.*

9. H.R. 6815, 68th Congress, 1st Session.

10. Prohibition Commissioner Kramer. *New York Times*, April 27, 1921.

11 *New York Times*, September 17, 1923.

12. *The Balance of International Payments of the United States in 1924*, Department of Commerce, April, 1925.

13. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p. 91.

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the bootlegging industry or very probably of both. In 1920, the first year of prohibition, 28,000,000 gallons of industrial alcohol were manufactured in the United States[14]. By 1925 production had mounted to 81,000,000 gallons, an increase in six years of 189 per cent.

In an effort to prevent diversion, the Prohibition Bureau established various formulas designed to make this alcohol undrinkable. By 1923 it had created seventy-six such formulas, varying with the purpose to which the alcohol was intended to be put. Some of these formulas used comparatively harmless denaturants such as oil of peppermint and menthol crystals or lavender and soft soap. Others used poisons as violent as iodine, benzine and sulphuric acid[15].

On the chance, however, that not even iodine, benzine and sulphuric acid would carry industrial alcohol through to a wholly legal end, the Prohibition Bureau elaborated the permit system in vogue before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, requiring applicants for the use of alcohol to give some evidence of the legality of their intentions and to post a bond to be forfeited in case of misbehavior.

The system itself was logical, but from the outset it encountered difficulties. In the first place, the law gave the Prohibition Bureau no power to trace industrial alcohol down the line of its widely varied uses beyond the first purchase of alcoholic products manufactured by firms or individuals holding permits. In the second place, even if the Bureau had had this power, it lacked the staff of agents required to follow 60,000,000 gallons or 80,000,000 gallons of alcohol through the labyrinth of many purchases and repurchases, from the time it left the thirty denaturing plants which manufactured it until it reached the ultimate consumer.

In these circumstances, it is evident that an elaborate code of seventy-six denaturing formulas and an equally elaborate code of rules and regulations governing permits merely drew up a plan for an effort to enforce the law and did not actually constitute enforcement in themselves. Formulas were useful: they handicapped bootleggers at least to the extent of compelling them to "wash" industrial alcohol before turning it into expensive liquors for a public ready to pay fancy prices. Rules and regulations sketched the outline of a system of control which was founded on valuable experience. These rules, however, were not self-executing. They required the application of constant pressure at many different points.

Proof of this fact is to be found in the actual results of the effort to prevent diversion. Testifying before the committee of the Senate on conditions existing at the end of 1925, General Andrews described the thirty denaturing plants as "nothing more or less than bootlegging organizations" and estimated the amount of alcohol illegally diverted in 1925, despite the best efforts of the Prohibition Bureau, at "somewhere in the vicinity of 13,000,000 to 15,000,000 gallons[16]."

One gallon of industrial alcohol diverted into the hands of bootleggers was sufficient, when watered down, colored and doctored, to manufacture a minimum of three gallons of bogus liquor. On the basis of the estimate submitted to Congress by the Prohibition Bureau, enough industrial alcohol was being poured into the hands of an illegal trade by the end of 1925 to manufacture from 156,000,000 to 180,000,000 quarts of liquor every year.

THE last of the chief sources of supply which constituted a problem for the Prohibition Bureau was the illicit still. Potentially this was by far the largest source. It was also the source with which the Prohibition Bureau was least equipped to deal.

With a staff whose personnel averaged 3060 men during the first six years of enforcement, the Prohibition Bureau was plainly in no position to suppress illicit stills all over the United States. Including its office help, it had one agent to every 972 square miles of territory. Such a staff could not effectively patrol the country. The Prohibition Bureau fell back upon the only type of action available to it within the limits of its appropriations:

(a) It appealed to the states and municipalities to help round out an inadequate staff of federal agents by using their own officers to enforce the law.

(b) It set at the task of detecting and raiding stills as large a part of its own staff as could be spared from other duties. Considering the number of men available for this work, the record of achievement is impressive. In 1925 agents of the Prohibition Bureau seized 29,877 distilleries and stills, 7,850 still worms and 134,810 fermenters[17].

(c) It attempted to prevent the use of domestic stills in private homes by warning the public that the Volstead Act (Title II, Section 18) made it "unlawful to advertise, manufacture, sell, or possess for sale any utensil, contrivance, machine, preparation, compound, tablet, substance, formula, direction or recipe advertised, designed or intended for use in the unlawful manufacture of intoxicating liquors."

(d) It issued various decrees with

14. The figures cited here are quoted from *Industrial Alcohol*, Treasury Department, 1930, p. 48.

15. Prohibition Commissioner Haynes, *New York Times*, July 27, 1923.

16. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 68, 479.

17. *Statistics Concerning Intoxicating Liquors*, Bureau of Prohibition, 1930, p. 64.

Underwood

Smashing $250,000 worth of liquor

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Springfield, Missouri

respect to methods of home manufacture which were and were not legal. For while the Volstead Act had been precise in its provision exempting only cider and fruit juices from a limitation of one-half of one per cent of alcohol, there were inevitably certain cases on the border line. Thus the Prohibition Bureau, called upon in 1922 to decide the fate of dandelion wine, ruled that this beverage was not legal, since the dandelion was not a fruit[18].

It is clear, however, that to bar dandelions from kitchen kettles by administrative fiat was one thing, and to prevent a dandelion on a lawn two thousand miles from Washington from being snipped in the dead of night by a housewife bent on making dandelion wine was a very different matter. With a staff of 3060 agents to cover the United States, the Prohibition Bureau had no actual power to execute the rules it framed concerning liquor made by a process of home manufacture. It had no power to interfere effectively with the sale of "utensils, contrivances or machines" or to break up a commercial traffic which reinvested its capital in new equipment as rapidly as its old equipment was confiscated by the government.

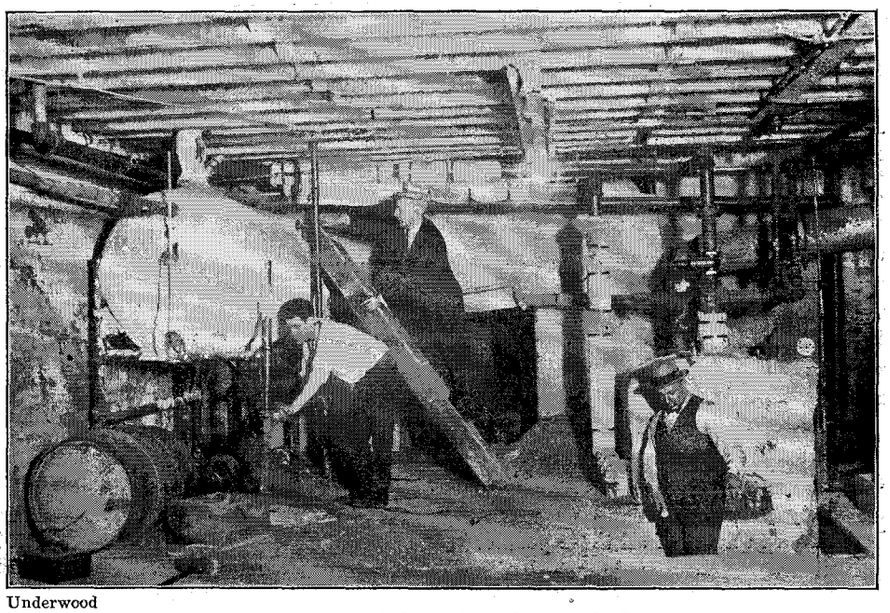
Asked by the Senate committee to report on the success achieved in suppressing illicit stills by the end of 1925, General Andrews estimated that of large commercial stills his Bureau had managed to seize "a fair percentage" and that of smaller stills "I should imagine that we did not get one in ten[19]."

Since 29,877 stills of all sorts had been seized in 1925 and since these stills represented no more than "a fair percentage" of large commercial stills and "one in ten" of smaller stills, it is clear that the Prohibition Bureau itself believed that a great many more than 29,877 stills remained in operation.

Approximately how many stills the Bureau did not attempt to guess. But if there had been no more than 29,000 stills, and if they had all been small affairs with a capacity of fifty gallons daily, which they obviously were not, the Prohibition Bureau would have pictured here a source of supply which was capable of producing something like a half billion gallons of hard liquor every year, provided it could find a market for its wares.

Plainly the Prohibition Bureau had not succeeded in shutting off the sources

18. *New York Times*, May 18, 1922.
19. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, pp. 447, 465-6.



Underwood

Reclaiming alcohol for "Bottled in Bond" Rye

of an illicit trade by the end of 1925. On the authority of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury not more than five per cent of the liquor smuggled across the border had been seized. Enough industrial alcohol was being diverted into the hands of violators of the law to manufacture, on the government's own estimate, well over 150,000,000 quarts of liquor annually. Lacking an adequate staff of its own and effective support from various states and municipalities, the Prohibition Bureau could only hope to harry the owners of illicit stills and cause them to shift their base of operations as frequently as possible.

So far was the Bureau from a successful solution of its chief problems that the question arises whether its real function in the early years of prohibition was ever properly understood. Called upon suddenly to undertake a formidable task with which the federal government had no previous experience, confronted by stubborn opposition in many urban sections of the country and hamstrung by Congress in the matter of appropriations, it seems likely that the real mission of the Bureau was not to enforce the law effectively, but to go through the motions of enough enforcement to give Congress a clean bill of health and simultaneously to encourage that part of the public which liked the law to believe that better days lay just ahead.

On this policy the Prohibition Bureau had embarked at the start of the adventure, probably less with a conscious desire to vindicate Congress than because the early heads of the Bureau were themselves sincere friends of the law and men of a profoundly optimistic cast of mind. Mr. John F. Kramer, the first Prohibition Commissioner, had begun his administration by assuring the country that the government would see that liquor was not manufactured, "nor sold, nor given away, nor hauled in anything on the surface of the earth nor under the sea nor in the air[20]." Colonel Roy A. Haynes, who succeeded Mr. Kramer in 1921, keyed his own statements in the same sanguine mood, in various cheerful prophecies which stand in sharp contrast to the humdrum figures later submitted to the Senate by General Andrews. From the bulletins of Colonel Haynes flowed constant encouragement to the friends of prohibition to believe that the corner had been turned at last and that satisfactory enforcement of the law required only patience and a little courage.

Thus in January, 1922, Mr. Haynes announced that enforcement was "rapidly approaching the highest point of its efficiency[21]." During the same month he gave to the press a statement citing figures to prove that 17,500,000 people had already stopped drinking as a result of prohibition—"a wonderful record[22]." In September of the same year, he reported that while the cost of enforcing prohibition during the previous twelve months had been $9,500,000, the various fines, assessments and taxes amounted to nearly $62,000,000[23]—a

(Please Turn to Page 356)

20. *New York Sun*, January 4, 1920.
21. *New York Times*, January 9, 1922.
22. *New York Times*, January 15, 1922.
23. *New York Times*, September 3, 1922.

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Football's Cult of Melancholy

By GEORGE TREVOR

ADAM WALSH, ambling into the Yale Bowl on the Friday afternoon preceding the Georgia game, happened to meet Coach Harry Mehre of the Southerners. Both Walsh, who tutors Yale's line, and Mehre are graduates of Knute Rockne's football seminary on the banks of the Wabash. They were friends at Notre Dame.

"Hello, Harry," said Walsh, "how much are you going to beat us tomorrow?"

"Where do you get that stuff?" Mehre retorted. "Why, we'll be lucky to score. Call off your gang when you've rolled up thirty points. We don't want to be humiliated in front of all those people."

Neither Walsh nor Mehre believe their own bear stories. Secretly, each expected his team to win. They were simply indulging in the old football custom of discounting possible defeat. Coaching precedent glorifies pessimism. It is considered shrewd psychology to give interviews that reek of depression; to speak disparagingly of your own material and exalt that of your rival; to take the "we haven't got a chance" attitude.

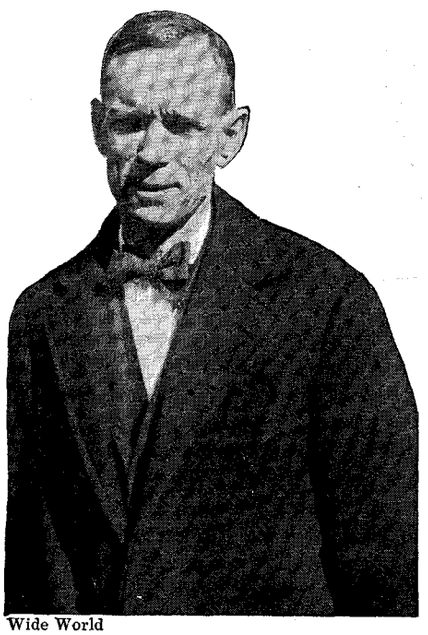
With few exceptions, football coaches are gloom dispensers. You can scarcely blame them. Their profession ranks with the most hazardous of occupations, the "mortality" among football teachers being exceptionally high. I refer to the length of their contracts, not to their tenure of life.

At most colleges, the football coach holds his job at the sufferance of the graduate committee. If he doesn't win a "reasonable" percentage of victories, out he goes—fired. The average old grad's definition of "reasonable" would probably be eight wins out of ten starts—always provided that one of those defeats be not at the hands of a traditional rival.

Naturally, your football coach is on the defensive. Inevitably he builds up advance alibis; exaggerates the strength of the opposition; deliberately plays down the good points of his own team on the theory that the less the old grads expect the better for him. If he wins, after sobbing on sports reporters' shoulders, he is hailed as a "miracle man," "the wizard of old Siwash who fashioned a steam roller out of a motley mob of misfits."

If he loses, after broadcasting bad tidings at the bedtime hour, the onus of defeat is lightened. "Well, what could you expect of poor Bill Brogan? He didn't have any players. You can't make a silk purse, etc., etc."

Yes, pessimism pays when you have a gang of perennial Peter Pans howling for your scalp. Those old grads, regarding their Alma Mater's football squads through rose-tinted glasses, would demand nothing less than the mythical national title if the coach gave them any encouragement. To protect himself he must shed glycerine tears and pull a long face, which isn't to say that his pessimism is not frequently genuine.



Wide World

GIL DOBIE
Cornell's football coach

IT's amusing to contrast the before-the-battle types of psychology which distinguish various games. Pessimism, for instance, though the favorite refuge of the hired coach, is confined to amateur sports. Football, you see, requires no building up in the press. Stadiums are jammed without any ballyhoo, or at least without advertising a given team as a world beater. Indeed, if the Yale coaches openly conceded that they had a weak team and if the newspapers devoted columns featuring Eli shortcomings, the Bowl would still be packed of a Saturday.

You won't find pessimism, however, in the professional arena, where the gate is of primary importance. Optimism reigns where it's a question of coaxing cash customers through the turnstiles. Did "Gabby" Street, on the eve of the late World's Series, bewail the approaching doom of his Cardinals? Did he tell reporters: "My team is weak in vital departments. Our pitchers will be hammered plenty. Our batters will be lucky to get a scratch hit off Grove and Earnshaw"?

Hardly! If you had listened to Manager Street you would have felt sorry for the Athletics. He predicted the quick rout of Connie Mack's pitchers. "We'll sock Grove's smoke ball back at him so fast he'll spend the afternoon dodging," bragged Street. "No ball club can stop this gang of mine."

Optimism gets free rein in the prize fight racket. Who ever heard a fighter's manager issue a statement like this: "Frankly, we fear Gunboat Judson. My man can't take it in the stomach. He's a sucker for a straight left and his knockout record was made at the expense of push overs. He's apt to get his teeth rammed down his throat tonight."

"Nobody," is the answer. Fight promoters wouldn't stand for pessimism even if you could find a manager who would give his honest opinion. The box office demands the stereotyped formula: "We'll knock Battling Sullivan's block off. He won't last six rounds."

I have a hunch that a truly great prize fighter could get lots of publicity by adopting football psychology and giving pessimistic interviews. At first, he would be pilloried as a craven, lacking in self confidence, but if he kept winning after discounting his own ability the reaction might be amazing in the way of personal popularity.

For instance, a modest statement like this ought to make friends for a boxer: "I don't know whether I can beat 'Spike' Hennessy or not. He's a great fighter. I'm going to give him all I've got and if he wins I'll have no excuses."

FOOTBALL coaches go to the opposite extreme. They should amalgamate as the gloom-dispensers' union. For president of this fraternal order of gridiron pessimists, I nominate Gilmour Dobie, familiarly known as "Doleful Gil."

Dobie sees the hole in the doughnut as well as in an opponent's line. For years he has lamented the necessity of playing students against the hard bitten athletes

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▶▶ Thumbs Down on Short-Selling ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

THESE are the days when the "shorts" are being blamed for much that is wrong with the country's business. They have done those things they ought not to have done and have left undone those things they ought to have done, and there is no health in them. The Secretary of Agriculture has been denouncing the short-selling of wheat in this country by agents of the Soviet Government. James W. Gerard, who knows the sixty-four men who rule the United States, has gone on the air with a plea that short-selling be forbidden by law. Senator Brookhart agrees and announces that he will introduce a bill when Congress meets in December to put short-selling under the ban of the Federal Government.

There is a widespread belief that speculative selling lies on a different moral plane from speculative buying. Hence the couplet:

> He who sells what isn't his'n
> Must buy it back or go to prison.

Secretary Hyde in his denunciation of a short sale of some 7,000,000 bushels of wheat by the Russian Government on the Chicago market was obviously influenced by this popular prejudice. We do not know all the details of this Russian transaction, but such evidence as is available indicates that it was a hedging operation, and as such it affords a good example of the constructive use to which short-selling can be put.

When the short-selling of commodities which are dealt in on the exchanges is employed for hedging purposes it ceases to be gambling and becomes a form of insurance. Hedging is a common practice among flour-millers, cooperative marketing associations and other holders of large quantities of wheat, including recently, it seems, the Russian Government.

When a miller purchases a large quantity of wheat to grind into flour, the price he will receive later for the flour will be governed by the price of wheat then current. If wheat goes lower, then, he will lose on the transaction, and if it goes higher he will obtain an unexpected profit. He cannot afford to have his business made the victim of blind chance in this fashion. If he did so, no good banker would be willing to extend him credit. What he desires first of all is a fair return on his investment in his plant, after meeting all operating costs, and he does not wish to have this menaced by fluctuations in the price of wheat.

TO ELIMINATE this risk the miller hedges; that is, at the time he buys a certain amount of cash wheat he "sells short" an equivalent amount for future delivery. If prices fall thereafter he will lose on his transaction in cash wheat but at the same time will make a profit on his short sale; if prices rise he will make a profit on his cash wheat but lose on his short sale. In either case his gains on one transaction will be offset by his losses on the other, and his profits will depend on the efficiency with which he operates his plant. Short-selling, when thus employed, becomes a means of reducing risks.

But short-selling is by no means confined to protective operations of this sort. Not every one who sells for future delivery is actually holding any of the stuff he sells, as the miller and the cooperative marketing association do when they resort to hedging. It is probable that hedging sales constitute a very small fraction of the total selling in the commodity markets. In the stock market short sales are not for hedging. A trader in stocks believes that a certain issue is priced too high and is due for an early decline. Accordingly, he instructs his broker to sell a number of shares at the current price in the expectation that he will be able to buy and make delivery at a lower price.

That is a purely speculative operation. Some people call it gambling. Of course, if the trader, instead of selling, had bought the stock in the expectation of a rise in its price, his operation would have been equally speculative, and also just as much of a gamble if we assume that the trend of the market in this case was as uncertain as it was in the other. But, strange to say, no one ever suggests laws to repress the buyer. The stigma seems to attach only to the seller.

The plain truth of the matter is that there is no moral distinction between speculative buying and speculative selling. There are times when either of them can be highly useful, and there are also times when either of them can be injurious and flagrantly immoral. All depends on the manner in which the operations are conducted.

SPECULATION, within limits, has its legitimate uses. In the first place, the keen traders who seek to anticipate changes in the conditions of supply and demand keep the market more responsive to such changes than it would be without their activities. Prices in the long run are thus held on a more even keel. Without speculative buying and selling there would probably be violent changes from week to week or month to month instead of the moderate changes from hour to hour.

In the second place, speculation serves a useful purpose by helping to "make a market." It is a means by which buying and selling are kept constantly going on, so that it is always possible for any one to make purchases or sales at a moment's notice, and sellers are spared the necessity of peddling things around in search of a buyer.

The despised short-seller also performs a very useful service by putting a curb on speculative buying when prices are being bid up beyond all reason.

Yet there is one sort of short-selling which deserves all the approbrium directed against the practice in general. This is best described as the professional "bear raid," engineered with a view to producing a sudden break in prices to enable traders who have gone short of the market to cover their commitments at a profit. The bear operators at such times do not scruple at circulating false and damaging rumors if these will help their cause. They frighten inexperienced traders and investors into taking losses and sometimes cause many marginal accounts to be wiped out. Such operations are always for a quick turn; they are not aimed at bringing prices into line with changing economic conditions.

Even here the moral approbrium ought to be no greater than that which should—but does not—attach to equally unscrupulous bull operators. Bullish tactics may entice the amateur investor into buying stocks far above their actual worth and eventually cause just as much destruction as those bear raiders do whose name is anathema. And yet a lot of people regard the bulls as perpetual benefactors.

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Wichita—The Air Capital

IN REPORTING on the first leg of this business pilgrimage, we referred to Wichita as the western terminus of the trip, and called it "the potential, if not the actual, air capital of the country." After getting a close-up of Wichita, we take back the "potential" and cast our vote for "actual."

Probably no city in the world is more completely air-minded. This well-planned, clean and decent community of 111,000 people is literally surrounded by flying-fields and airplane factories. The municipal air port is the finest we have ever seen, level as a billiard table and comfortably carpeted with the original buffalo grass.

In the Travel Air plant (a division of Curtiss-Wright) we were shown planes in all stages of construction, including a remarkable creation in robin's egg blue, being made for Dr. Brinkley, the big gland man of Milford, Kansas. Jimmie Doolittle's low-wing mystery plane, with its air-cooled spark plugs and all the other modern gadgets, was in for an overhauling.

Wichita is busy on and under the ground, as well as aloft. The milling industry is strong here, and there are several oil pools within a few miles of the center of the city. General business, in spite of the depression, is only about ten per cent under a year ago. Collections are standing up very well, and both wholesale and retail concerns are all set for brisk business as soon as cool weather comes along. If you ask us, or whether you do or not, we are decidedly bullish on Wichita.

Up in a Blimp, Boys

ACCORDING to the travel schedule, the hop from Kansas City to Wichita was to have been made by plane, which is the only appropriate way to descend upon the air capital. We booked a passage by the T. A. T. route, but severe storms to the south made flying impossible and the planes did not go out. The best we could do was to roll into Wichita most unimpressively in a Santa Fé sleeper.

However, we derived a considerable amount of consolation from a ride over Kansas City in the Goodyear dirigible "Vigilant" (N C-11A), a blimp 127 feet long, containing 186,000 cubic feet of helium gas. Riding in a blimp is a thoroughly pleasant experience, but for thrills it cannot compare with a plane which gives you a heart-quickening bump every time it strikes an air pocket.

Some one (we may suggest this to a university bureau of business research) ought to study the possibilities of aviation as a help in making business surveys. This occurred to us first about two years ago when we saw Tacoma from the air, and got a picture of its remarkable lumber industry that we could never have obtained on the ground.

From the cabin of the "Vigilant" Kansas City was an open book—the layout and extent of its wholesale and retail districts, its factories, its amazing network of railroads, and its Missouri River waterfront. From a point of observation a thousand feet above the retail district, it was possible to see crowds of people going in and out of the stores, and to draw the cheerful conclusion that buying has been resumed in Kansas City, as it has in all of the other cities covered in the present expedition.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) October 16—82.7. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) October 16—72.2.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended October 4—972,492 cars (increase of 22,111 over preceding week; reduction of 206,555 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended October 11—55% of capacity (reduction of 1½% under preceding week and 24% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended October 11—daily average gross 2,366,800 barrels (reduction of 20,150 under preceding week and 471,300 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended October 11—260,000 bushels (increase of 480,000 over preceding week; reduction of 143,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended October 16—$9,535,337,000 (reduction of 5.6% under preceding week and 33.1 under the same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended October 16—460 (reduction of 13 under preceding week; increase of 101 over same week of 1929).

Sharing Our Helium

SOMEHOW, we don't seem able to get down out of the air. But the disastrous end of the R-101 has stirred up a lot of agitation about helium, and it seems clear that the position of our government in regard to the exportation of this valuable gas is very generally misunderstood.

On the "Vigilant" we sat next to the pilot, and he volunteered the statement that "under no conditions could helium gas be exported from this country." We had our doubts, but smothered them, having no desire to get into an argument and take the young man's mind off his job at the risk of nosing, however gently, into one of Kansas City's graceful (and substantial) skyscrapers.

The fact is that the law expressly permits the exportation of helium, if approved by the President with the joint recommendation of the secretaries of war, navy and commerce. And we have President Hoover's own statement to the effect that every application for exporting licenses made during the past two years has been granted.

Helium gas saves airships from the danger of fire, which is always present in hydrogen-inflated dirigibles, but it has a distinct disadvantage in its comparatively low buoyancy, which sacrifices thirty-five per cent of the pay load. This is probably the chief reason why foreign demand for helium has been negligible. If the nations abroad want some of our helium, they should have it. The government plant in Texas has in sight a total supply of ten billion cubic feet, which is ample to supply the world demand for years to come.

Henry and Sam—Their Book

JUST how much of *Moving Forward* (Doubleday, Doran $2.50) is Henry and how much Sam is not the easiest thing in the world to figure out, but it is safe to assume that Henry made the motion and Sam merely seconded it.

Mr. Crowther, if we remember correctly, had little to do with Model T. It was Mr. Ford who paid out, during the nineteen-year life of Model T, nearly two billion dollars in wages and salaries. Or, counting employees of dealers, salesmen, outside garages and repair shops, more than five billion.

It is Henry who admits that he has created his own economic laws and claims that he has made them succeed. It is he who says that there ain't no sech animal as over-production, exorbitant wages, bottom prices or minimum costs. It is he who raises his minimum wage from six to seven dollars a day, adding twenty million dollars to his annual payroll, and treats with foreign governments as though he were a world power, as indeed he is.

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The Leisure Arts

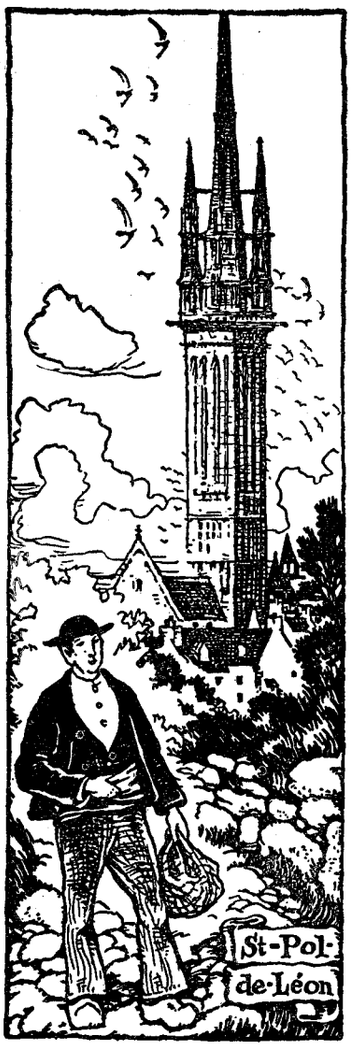
Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Defender of the Constitution

IN JUNE, 1912, Claude Moore Fuess walked up, while the band played rather badly, on to the appropriate platform and got his Ph.D. And Dr. Fuess has perpetuated the Ph.D. tradition more soundly, more wisely, and more voluminously than any other Ph.D. created by the Department of English at Columbia during the last eighteen years; and during this entire period he has been Professor of English at Phillips Andover, and has written articles without number; he has edited books without ceasing; and he has written books without pausing to explain how he finds the time to do so. And now on top of it all comes his *Daniel Webster* ($10.00: Little, Brown, and Company), two volumes, 863 pages, with every statement verified, every judgment vindicated, every sentence weighed in the balance of Ph.D. investigation, every phrase neatly set off at the right distance from mere phraseology, every word chosen with the care of an artist who would rather be right than precious.

From "Enchanted Brittany" by Amy and Thornton Oakley (Century)

James Harvey Robinson used to say while at Columbia, and he has changed very little, that, except in matters purely technical, the layman's opinion is the best. My own opinion regarding Dr. Webster is lay enough; indeed my most intimate connection with him has to do with my grade-school days when I would go through my World History and, with pencil in hand, put mustaches on him, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Marie Antoinette. But a book can be so written that you know you are reading the truth when you read it; and it can also be written in such a way that you would not know a tenth as much about the subject as the author even if you committed the work to memory. Such a book is Claude Fuess's *Webster*.



It is first of all an old-fashioned book, which again is in keeping with the Ph.D. tradition. On page 176 of the first volume Dr. Fuess assures us that Webster was a "thoroughly healthy human being . . . free from those complexes and repressions which so fascinate the pathologist." This is reassuring; this takes the fraud out of any man who would be a Freud. Each of the thirty-three chapters is capped with a fitting heading which in turn is reenforced with two or three quotations, somewhat after the fashion of a Victorian novel. That helps, more or less. The twenty-four illustrations are placed with perfect strategy. There are twelve full pages of bibliography, five of the items being Dr. Fuess's own works. The index makes up seventy full columns. Over a page of the preface is taken up with acknowledgments of indebtedness to predecessors and the location of source material. Dr. Fuess states that when he first felt moved to write the book he at once determined to read "everything in existence by or about" Webster. And he quite naturally emphasizes the need for an adequate life of his hero. So does a good Ph.D. always proceed; his slogans, once he has assured his clientele of the necessity of doing the job, are: preparation, impartiality, conservatism.

With Webster being at all times himself, it would be as useless to trace the succeeding steps of the biography as it would be for a dramatic critic to give the plot of the Oberammergau Passion Play. Suffice it to say that, with the exception of the chapters that deal with Webster the man, Mr. Fuess has looked at Webster uninterruptedly as the "Defender of the Constitution." His book, in addition to this, is a cultural history of New England from 1782 to 1852, and a history of the United States from 1813 to 1852. For forty years, Daniel Webster touched in a large way on all those great issues that have made this country what it is, with especial reference to its brighter aspects. Claude Fuess has gathered up all the loose and sometimes

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tangled threads and woven them into a brilliant fabric. The individual who cannot get a better, because more sensible,

Illustrations by Morgan Dennis from Mazo de la Roche's "Portrait of a Dog" (Little, Brown)

idea of the United States by reading this book might just as well spend the rest of his life at garden golf. Let us point out then not the faults of the book so much as its peculiarities—as seen by one reader.

It would be four-thirds as good as it is if it were only three-fourths as long: there is some padding. On page 21, of the first volume, and referring to the year 1800, Fuess writes: "Agriculture was carried on under what seem to us primitive conditions." And as if this were not enough, we are given an extended, but highly readable account of how people then ploughed. There are approximately three thousand footnotes. Some of these do no more than cite authorities for statements made. Many however are refreshing. If Henry Cabot Lodge (whose *Webster* is discredited in many places) appeared at Faneuil Hall to make a speech, a footnote informs us that he was dressed so-and-so. In another chapter we are told of a "cold water" dinner Webster was forced to attend. A footnote adds that Webster, ingenious under any circumstances, solved the problem by emptying, ever and anon as it were, his flask in a tumbler, ducking his head under the table, and swallowing what he felt was his due. If Webster stopped at a given hotel, as he did so frequently at the old Astor House in New York, a footnote tells who else was there and how the party went off. It is strange in this connection that no mention is made of Roe's Inn apropos of the speech Webster once made at Patchogue. And stranger still that the notes on Webster's visit to England are the skimpiest in the book. What John Gibson Lockhart (See Andrew Lang's *Lockhart)* said of Webster is more valuable than some of the opinions quoted.

There is too a certain amount of sectionalism in the book. One thing is certain: Professor Fuess will never lose his position at Andover because of local disloyalty. He tells us that "just as Canterbury is located some sixty miles southeast of London, so Plymouth lies forty miles distant in the same direction from Boston." Topographically this is true; but Boston can't help it; and Chaucer died almost before there was a tide in Back Bay. He refers somehow or other in a noticeable way to the "inebriety" of Andrew Jackson. Since he treats, as only a gentleman and scholar would, the drinking habits of Webster with such dignity and restraint, it is hard to see why he tries to make Dr. Jackson conspicuous in this way. Once in a while the "conspiracies" of the South are mentioned; "intentions" would have been strong enough. "Stultification" is also once used where "embarrassment" would have been abundantly sufficient. But to offset this, Dr. Fuess closes both volumes—he probably did not notice this himself—with the statement that Abraham Lincoln derived his ideas of freeing the slaves from Daniel Webster. See The Outlook of October 8.

The one real defect of the book is the number of times that Fuess says that such and such an incident is wrapped in mystery, or here the curtains are drawn, or this will never be known. He throws very little actual light on the part Webster played in the seemingly infamous Hartford Convention, where

the North apparently wanted to show the South how to secede. Nor does he clear up Webster's actual part in the adjudication of the Canadian boundary issues. Nor is it possible to agree with Fuess when he ascribes noted merits to

Webster for postponing, by ten years, the Civil War through his great Seventh of March speech. The Civil War obviously had to be, for it was. Whatever has once been was at one time an existential part of the future. It would have been far better, in fact, to have had the Civil War in 1851-55 than in 1861-65, if for no other reason because Mr. Sherman would then have had less property to destroy when he became a rider to the sea. If a man has appendicitis at thirty in mild form he will do better to have it out then, when he can be back at the office in nine days, than to wait till he is forty when he nearly dies from the operation. And Fuess is wrong when he fancies that just as Washington and Lincoln have their shrines so will Webster some day. This bit of admiration came from over-work.

But all of these points are either thin or controversial or personal. The fact is the whole of Webster is here. We are rightly asked to believe that were he living today and had he lived yesterday he would have opposed, tooth, nail, and expansive shirt front, the draft in the World War and the XVIIIth Amendment; and to this might have been added the Spanish-American War, one of the most inane masses ever concocted with politics aforethought. And he would have done all that Theodore Roosevelt ever did to land himself in the White House. Fuess says he was "infected with the Presidential virus from 1830 until his death."

This is a thoroughgoing study; there is even one whole chapter on Webster's death and funeral, while his family is discussed as far back as it can be traced, and with liberal comment on his posterity including those who are still liv-

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ing. If the most widely-read biographer in the world today, Emil Ludwig, were to write with similar substantiality and objectivity he would turn out one life in four years instead of four lives in one year.

There is just one suggestion for Mr. Fuess at this time when one book out of every ten is a biography: Abandon New England for a season, forget for a moment all Whigs and Republicans, come over into West Virginia, and seize on one of the choicest subjects now available for biographic treatment—William Lyne Wilson (1843-1900). Gallant Confederate soldier, Professor of Law and distinguished practitioner at the bar, President of West Virginia University for two years, Congressman for twelve years, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, author of the Wilson Tariff Bill which makes the Smoot-Hawley thing look mangy even at this distance, Postmaster-General when real parcel post and real R. F. D. were being enacted and effected, and so on and so forth including orator of great gifts, William L. Wilson offers a theme such as comes to a man only once in a lifetime. Lives of Webster? There were scores of them before Claude Fuess wrote the life that makes all others antiquated. There is no life at all of William L. Wilson. The disproportion in the treatment of the two statesmen is not merely curious.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

The Week's Reading

"NOVELS and Novelists" by Katherine Mansfield (Knopf $3.50). No one in America reviewing books every week in a literary journal can show a record for intelligence, courage, grace and skill that is in any way comparable with that established by Katherine Mansfield in the weekly reviews of fiction which she contributed to the Athenaeum during the last few years of her life. In her work high standards, knowledge of the subject based on a lifetime of wide but selective reading and a sharp, delicate critical sense are united to catholicity of taste. She never found a novel worthless because it was light, or worthy because it was ponderous. No roll of drums frightened her into speaking softly. She sat on no critical band-wagon. She had judgment, she had integrity and she knew what she was talking about. And how exquisitely she wrote!

Some of Us: an Essay in Epitaphs by James Branch Cabell (McBride: signed limited edition $7.50). Mr. Cabell's critical essays on several of his contemporaries are, to this reviewer, far more interesting and readable than most of his recent fiction. Most of them have appeared in one or another of the literary journals, where this reviewer, who has scarcely time to read books let alone to read about them, has not seen them. So the freshness and pertinence of Mr. Cabell's comments come as a happy surprise. In his estimates of Elinor Wylie and Frances Newman we cannot follow him. But the essays on Hergesheimer and Maurice Hewlett present a truth about what are called historical novels which more readers should recognize. His idea about Sinclair Lewis' goblins is clever, and no one has said better than he does what there is to be said about Mencken. Incidentally, readers of Gorham Munson's book on the New Humanism, recently reviewed here, will find in Mr. Cabell's pages some acute if not profound criticism of the New Humanism regarded purely as a literary movement.

Four Contemporary Novelists by Wilbur L. Cross (Macmillan $3) is somewhat disappointing. Dean Cross is, of course, an expert on modern fiction. He brings to his studies of Conrad, Galsworthy, Bennett and Wells fine critical equipment and a delightful, witty style. But he has nothing new to say about these men. Probably there is nothing new to say. As the oldsters gather them to their hearts, the youngsters spew them out of their mouths. And so it goes. Their reputations will toss and waver for awhile, and then settle into place. But not yet. One knows that Conrad is a seeker into men's motives, a master in the creation of emotional and physical suspense, that, with him as with all sailors, the sea is real, the land, shadowy. One knows that Galsworthy has painted the portrait of an era and a class, that he has journeyed through the souls of men and women born with silver spoons in their mouths and written all about his travels. One knows that Bennett has been saved from hopeless commercialism only by the realist-as-artist's passion for complete detail at all costs; that Wells is greater as a Victorian than as a modern. Dean Cross opens no new critical vistas, but he amplifies those already open, and his book will illuminate the reading of those who seek to read contemporary fiction critically.

F. L. R.

JUDGE ROBERT W. WINSTON, whose *Life of Jefferson Davis* (Holt $3.50) now follows his spirited defense of Andrew Johnson, is a southerner, but, as a North Carolinian he is by descent and point of view a federalist. If he had been in the political field before the war, (he was born in 1860) he would most certainly have been opposed to Davis, root and branch. Perhaps for this very reason the pre-war part of this biography is the best. It illuminates intimately and convincingly the important part Davis played in imposing on the white South his fierce, unyielding refusal to budge an inch from the position that slavery was ordained of God, (he quoted the Ham story over and over!), that the cotton states could not exist, economically, without slavery, and that secession was preferable to yielding: talk of manumission or of returning the Negroes to Africa, he called nonsense—and much of it was. If Davis had stopped there he would have been logical, but he fought for the extension of slavery in the new states quite as fiercely. Of course, he was an extremist on states' rights, although when President of the Confederacy he found the doctrine self-destructive at times. Judge Winston's narrative and his analysis of the whole pre-war period is masterly. While Davis was regarding the whole South and the Democratic party merely as means to stabilize slavery, Robert E. Lee was maintaining that slavery was a moral and social evil, necessary because inherited, difficult to get rid of, and was freeing his own slaves. Davis said: "I affirm that African slavery as it exists in the United States is a moral, a social and a political blessing." The Civil War proved that Davis was neither a diplomat nor a military strategist. His treatment at Washington after his capture was deplorable and despicable. The story of his activities during the war and after has been told many times, and that part of Judge Winston's book, although well and carefully done, adds little. Why the publisher should have hit upon *High Stakes and Hair-trigger* for the title of this book is a puzzle. It is inept and sensational. Davis was politically pugnacious, and he never shrunk

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Novel: **The Bitter Tea of General Yen**, by Grace Z. Stone: Bobbs, Merrill.

Biography: **High Stakes and Hair Trigger**, by Robert Winston: Holt.

Miscellaneous: **Five Masters**, by Joseph Wood Krutch: Cape and Smith.

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from a duel or a fight, but personally he was a gentleman, a devoted family man, a kind master. Judge Winston thinks that his weakness was his "inability to obscure himself, to sink self in cause," and that his "vice was not treason but a failure to interpret progress and civilization."

R. D. T.

Swift by Carl Van Doren (Viking $3) is a fine piece of straight biography. It is literary criticism only incidentally; and that is as it should be for Swift, as the personification of the demand for truth at all costs and the suffering that demand entails is even more interesting than Swift as one of the greatest of England's stylists. The historical background of Mr. Van Doren's book might have been given in a little more detail. The reign of Queen Anne, the theatre of most of Swift's activity, is not familiar to most readers. Its politics, which must be understood if one is to understand Swift, are especially obscure. (By the way, a book published a year or so ago by Holt, *The Historical Background of English Literature,* by Bushnell, has often helped this reader in such places.) The literary spirit of the age was classical. Swift was a stalwart upholder of the classic tradition. But he was on the edge of being, himself, a great romantic. He was, Van Doren says, "too large for the pygmies, too small for the giants, too sensible for the philosophers, too human for the animals." Intellectually, the golden mean, one might say. But in temperament, he was an enormous exaggeration. And so he appears in Van Doren's book. From bitter pride he turned to bitter misanthropy. Emotionally unstable, he was held in check by a lucid intellect. His experiences as political pamphleteer, as Irish patriot, as religious polemist, as friend, which he could be greatly, as social lion, which he was for a while, and as lofty, cool philanderer are admirably described by Van Doren with thorough use of Swift's own writings. Touching his curious association with Stella, to whom he sometimes wrote baby-talk and with Vanessa, "comedy for him, tragedy for her," Van Doren lists gossip and sensibly lets it alone. Whether he was husband of one, lover of the other or not cannot possibly make any difference to anybody. The running analysis of Swift-Gulliver's travels through the world of his England is invaluable. Brilliant, too, is the first paragraph of the book. The world, finding *Gulliver's Travels* too true and too terrible has turned it into a tale of adventure and wonder for children. That's an old habit. What you can't bear to look at, pretend you don't see. It was not Swift's way to say the least.

Received too late for detailed review: *On Forsyte 'Change* by John Galsworthy (Scribner's $2.50) is a collection of new stories about the Forsytes, with whom Mr. Galsworthy, in common with his readers, is reluctant to part. The stories and sketches cover a long period. The first is about "Superior Dosset," founder of the London family, the last about Soames and the War. Some of the sketches are very slight, but all are delightful; and, while the volume cannot be said either to add to or subtract from Galsworthy's fame or the stature of the Forsyte saga, it will give a great deal of pleasure to a great many readers.

F. L. R.

Behind the Blurbs

THE appalling situation in Chicago—paralleled in every big city in the country—where thugs and gangsters are buying political power with the enormous earnings made possible by prohibition, is very clearly presented in Edward Dean Sullivan's *Chicago Surrenders*[1]. The book is a sequel to *Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime,* which brought the story of gang rule up to the appointment of the reform Chief of Police Russell, a little over two years ago. At that time Mr. Sullivan had some hope that Chicago might be cleaned up. The title of this second book is enough to show how he feels about conditions there today. "Last year in this country," he says, "approximately 800 gangs . . . . were supplied with more than three billion dollars from one source—booze. It was available for thwarting the law, corrupting elections, tainting the judiciary, and bribing or shooting holes through every obstacle to criminality. That's the basis of the growing structure of crime that the Drys and the Wets—in that order—have built!" And then in a picturesque and dramatic style he lays before you the facts. The book is a warning that no American should leave unread. ♣ ♣ ♣ A certain Mr. Clement, returning hastily to the vicarage to keep an appointment with the unpleasant Col. Protheroe, was somewhat put out to find the colonel lying across the study desk, shot through the head. Mrs. Protheroe and her lover, Redding, both confess to the crime, evidently to protect each other. Presently they are both released. Inspector Slack doesn't do so well, and the case is finally solved in a way that will surprise you by Miss Marple, one of the village gossips. All this in *The Murder at the Vicarage*[2], Agatha Christie's new one which, take it from us, you'll enjoy. ♣ ♣ ♣ Another unpleasant person who got murdered was Jasper Hilton, in *The Night of the Fog*[3]. When he was found with a knife sticking in his back, everybody in the village was pleased. His tenants hated him, his nephew, Rolfe, hated him, even Dr. Cheyne hated him, although the

1. Vanguard, $2.00.
2. Dodd Mead, $2.00.
3. By Anthony Gilbert: Dodd Mead, $2 00

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latter had never met the man. Cheyne, however, was in love with Rolfe's wife. Quite a bit of gossip the affair was causing, too. Indeed, the good doctor was the prosecution's candidate for the gallows, after that clever detective, Peile, had established Rolfe's alibi. The case against Cheyne was so well substantiated that although it was plain to us that he was the hero of the story, we couldn't for the life of us see, before we read the last chapter, who else could have done it. But there is a surprise ending—perfectly logical too—that will please you. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Manville Murders*[4] is a well written thriller, and if the solution were only a little more ingenious and plausible it would move up pretty close to the head of the class. As it is, after building up tremendous suspense through the violent deaths on the eve of their weddings of four of the "mad Manvilles," it is a letdown to find the explanation so unconvincing. We'd have preferred to go on believing in the Manville curse, even at the risk of letting the murderer go undiscovered. And the final massacre seems a bit too much. ♣ ♣ ♣ Amateur wine makers whose best efforts seem to be somewhat less acceptable to their guests than well aged vinegar, might find help in a recent publication of the Bacchus Club, a group of gentlemen in New Haven who have given much time and thought to the matter. Published in a limited edition for the members of the club, this treatise on *Wine Making for the Amateur* includes advice on choice of grapes, description of apparatus needed, and full instructions for making good sound wines of a quality to approach the vintages of Europe. The book is written by Selden Rose, hand set in type by C. P. Rollins, with wood engravings by W. A. Dwiggins. ♣ ♣ ♣ Chalked on the pavement by the body of old Mr. Schmidt (murdered) was the sign *A-100*[5]. And two subsequent croakings were similarly marked. Which gave detective inspector Daniel Golan ferociously to think. But with the aid of Jimmy the reporter, Bismarck the monkey, and a couple of other people, all is made clear. Fair to middling. ♣ ♣ ♣ Very amusing farce-comedy is *The Middle Watch*[6], by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall, which tells how two young ladies were left all night unchaperoned aboard H.M.S. Falcon, and of the extraordinary difficulties into which they managed to get practically everybody on the ship, even including Admiral Sir Hercules

4. By Cortland Fitzsimmons: McBride, $2.00.
5. By Bruce Harrison: Dutton, $2.00.
6. Houghton Mifflin, $2.00.

Outlook Blue Ribbon Books

The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

Twenty-Four Hours, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. Dextrous but undeceiving imitation of life in a story of New Yorkers. Reviewed September 24.

On Forsyte 'Change, by John Galsworthy: Scribner's. Reviewed in this issue.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt, Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

Seed, by Charles G. Norris: Doubleday, Doran. A tract on birth control in fiction form. Reviewed September 24.

Non-Fiction

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

The Conquest of Happiness, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. To be reviewed later by Florence Guy Seabury.

Morgan the Magnificent, by J. K. Winkler: Vanguard. The financier and collector is the subject of a readable and understanding if somewhat superficial biography.

Pauline, by N. C. Carlton: Harper. Biography of Napoleon's sister. To be reviewed later.

The Adams Family, by James Truslow Adams: Little, Brown. Noteworthy history of America's most distinguished family. Reviewed June 18.

"THIS is a profoundly interesting book. It probes deep .... one of the necessary biographies of the time, a work not heretofore done and therefore one that history cannot spare." —Sherwin Lawrence Cook in the *Boston Transcript.*

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Hewitt and his formidable consort. Ingenious and really funny. ☙ ☙ ☙ And along comes Sabatini with the story *The King's Minion*[7] of James the First's favorite, Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, his rise to power under the guidance of Thomas Overbury, his love for the Countess of Essex which was the means of separating him from Overbury, and his final eclipse. A well written but rather pedestrian tale, with none of the sparkle and excitement that characterize earlier Sabatinis—*Scaramouche*, for example. ☙ ☙ ☙ Of interest to all gastronomes, and of particular interest to Princetonians, is *The Gun Club Cook Book*[8], entertainingly written by the erstwhile mayor of Princeton and President of the Nassau Gun Club, and including only receipts tested and tried by members or chefs of the club. ☙ ☙ ☙ A complete manual of gliders is *The Book of Gliders*[9], by Edwin W. Teale. Not only the construction and operation, but the history of gliders is thoroughly covered. ☙ ☙ ☙ Three new titles in The Travellers' Library[10]—*The Travel Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, Shelvocke's *A Privateer's Voyage Around the World*, and *Wuthering Heights*—are just out.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

7. Houghton Mifflin, $2.50.
8. By Charles Browne: Scribner's, $3.00.
9. Dutton, $2.50.
10. Cape & Smith, $1.00.

In This Issue

REBECCA WEST is well known not only as an author but also for her knowledge of European politics and celebrities. Besides serving on the staff of the *Free Woman* and *The Clarion* in England, she has also contributed frequently to American periodicals. Most recent of her four books are *The Judge* and *The Strange Necessity*.

JONATHAN MITCHELL is a former member of the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the New York *World*, and has served the latter newspaper as London correspondent.

WALTER BROOKS is a member of the staff of the Outlook and is generally responsible for "Behind the Blurbs," and "Ivory, Apes and Peacocks." Mr. Brooks has recently returned from a trip to Germany. He is also the author of *To and Again*.

Next Week

The Rise of a Roosevelt, by Robert Cruise McManus.

Interest in the coming gubernatorial election in New York centers in the scandals involving the judiciary so persistently emphasized by Charles F. Tuttle, the Republican candidate. Although Franklin D. Roosevelt once successfully opposed Charles F. Murphy, his chances of election depend on his relationship to Tammany Hall.

Paris Is Not America, by Golda M. Goldman.

Although minor American customs are creeping into French life and American and English words are forcing their way into the French language, Paris, the author maintains, is not becoming Americanized. While it is true that the cocktail habit is spreading, the French need not worry.

Uncle Sam vs. The Packers, by H. M. Foster.

On petition of the Swift and Armour companies of Chicago the packers consent decree, by which grand jury proceedings against the packers were dropped ten years ago, is having a hearing before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

Rum, Padlocks and Buffoonery, by Charles Merz.

In Part Six of The Dry Decade, Mr. Merz describes the methods employed by the Prohibition Bureau to remedy the situation caused by the lack of appropriations. Among these were the prohibition "drive" and procedure by padlock. Mr. Merz also recounts the activities of those two famous federal agents, Izzy and Moe

Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

THIS fall's output of religious literature is unusually generous. Not all of it is of the first order but many well known religious writers are writing and they are saying things of more than passing interest. There is "the Gloomy Dean" (W. R. Inge of St. Paul's) whose *Christian Ethics and Modern Problems* (Putnam) has created something of a stir in his own country. In this rather large volume we have his keen intellect brought to bear upon the ethical chaos of our day. His knowledge of history, combined with his acceptance of science and his willingness to face the real facts of modern life, give his words weight. We expect this book to be vigorously attacked, for it lays down the gauntlet to such widely separated groups as the Roman Catholic Church and the Russian Soviets, not to mention a number of others in between. However, the Dean has no fear of being in the minority for, as he says, "The Christian Church suffers from what it is the fashion to call the inferiority complex. We are ashamed of being in a minority; we are distressed because our churches are half empty. Many of them would be much emptier if the Gospel was preached in them." Especial interest is attached to this book because, as the author says, "This is probably the last considerable work that I shall have time to write."

Religious folk who believe in the scientific method, and there are many such, are always pleased when scholars of recognized ability give us their thought on the great sources of the Christian faith, the gospels. *Studies in Matthew* (Henry Holt) by Professor Benjamin W. Bacon of Yale is such a work. It is intended for the student rather than for the average reader but it makes available the ripe scholarship of this well known authority in this field. *The Gospel of Luke* (Richard R. Smith) by William Manson, Professor in New College, Edinburgh, is also to be commended to those who are seriously studying the sources of the Christian faith.

All those sympathetic to the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Episcopal Church as well as those who are unfriendly to it, not to mention a considerable public at large, have been waiting for Dr. Selden P. Delaney's apologia. Dr. Delaney, well known as the rector of the Church of Saint Mary the Virgin in New York as well as the leader of the Anglo-Catholic party in the United States, has during this present year given up his Episcopal Church and become a Roman Catholic. In *Why Rome?* (The Dial Press) he explains his reasons for this step. It is a document rich in human interest. It reveals vividly the state of unstable equilibrium in which Anglo-Catholics find themselves. If nothing stands between them and Rome except the Pope the drift of their own thought will be likely to sweep that barrier aside. To those who agree with Dr. Delaney in the step he has taken his reasons will seem conclusive; to those who do not they will seem weak and insufficient. And this is but another way of saying that the real causes of our acts run deeper than the reasons we give for them. So it is that as one man is carried into the Catholic Church another is carried out of it. In *The Magnificent Illusion* by E. Boyd Barrett (Washburn) this man, who was formerly a priest and a Jesuit, tells us of his spiritual pilgrimage, of his Catholic home and his Catholic training and his priesthood. Writing with no trace of bitterness he tells of his deepening doubts and how they finally led him to resign from the Society of Jesus and from the priesthood. This story has all the interest of a "best seller" and deserves to be read by men and women of all shades of religious opinion. The student of religion will find much to ponder upon in both Delaney and Barrett; the student of psychology will find them even more interesting.

The books mentioned above have deep religious significance and some of them are difficult reading. They may be flavored with a little book called *The End of the World* by Geoffrey Denniss (Simon and Schuster). This is a clever and sprightly treatment of the speculations of the human race in regard to its final end. All the various theories of the end of the world—collision with a comet, the extinction of the sun, conquest by flood and a dozen others are considered in detail and their probabilities appraised. It is a curious book, in many passages it inspires emotions bordering upon terror, but religion has to deal with these ultimate questions which are here raised with such tremendous power. Read it and ask with the author, "Is the Universe Alive?" "Is the Universe Rational?" "Is the Universe Time?" "Is the Universe God?" It is good to be brought back again to all these questions. Geoffrey Denniss does it in a new and gripping way.

EDMUND B. CHAFF

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▶▶ Rebel Triumphant ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

ONE day several well known American artists were walking through one of the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum. Nearby was a group of younger men, apparently art students, standing before a painting by Camille Pissaro, the French Impressionist. With a contemptuous gesture one of the students dismissed the painting, too loudly remarking that Pissaro was no good. At that one of the artists, a plump, mild-mannered little man, suddenly bristled like a terrier.

"What's that?" he cried. "'Pissaro 'no good'? I challenge you to explain that remark!"

His voice rose to a shout.

"My hat is in the ring for Pissaro!" And he climaxed his challenge by sailing his hat clear across the floor of the gallery. The younger man flushed, mumbled something under his breath and walked away. The older man recovered his hat, rejoined his companions and together they continued their study of the paintings.

It would surprise many people to learn that this champion of Pissaro was none other than Max Weber. For he is ordinarily the gentlest and tenderest of men. His eyes are large, brown and sad. He speaks almost plaintively, with a slight lisp. When he isn't painting he is writing poetry. He lives like a moderately successful bourgeois in his little house near Great Neck, Long Island.

But to understand that singular episode at the Metropolitan one must recognize the existence of another and more important Max Weber, not only the artist whose paintings hang in numerous collections, but the painter whose artistic integrity is respected in Paris and London as well as in New York, the Max Weber who suffered unflinchingly through years of poverty and critical abuse without once swerving from his ardent devotion to artistic principles, Max Weber the rebel who has lived to see his cause triumphant in the form of a wide public appreciation of modern art.

For the story of Weber, his long struggle and ultimate triumph, is the story of modern art in America. In 1891 as a boy of ten he was brought from his native Russia by his parents to New York. He studied art under Arthur Dow at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, spent a few years teaching drawing and design in several colleges and by frugal living saved enough to go to Paris in 1905. Independent research, careful study of the ancient masterpieces and contact with some of the leading spirits in the artistic revolution then in progress quickly led Weber away from the academies. He studied for a time with Matisse, was closely associated with Picasso and enjoyed an intimate and almost idyllic friendship with Henri Rousseau, Le Douanier, whose genius Weber was one of the first to recognize and proclaim.

Weber returned to New York in 1908. His work had been exhibited and praised in Paris and London, but the galleries here would have none of his modernism. As a result he was compelled to have his first exhibition, in 1909, in the basement of a picture-frame shop. The critics, ignorant of the great changes wrought in art abroad by such men as Cezanne and Matisse, treated Weber's work with contemptuous amusement. Even the fact that Arthur B. Davies visited that first show and bought two pictures had no significance for them. And at Weber's second show two years later their attitude was even worse, one critic referring to his paintings as "atrocities" and another condemning them as "a brutal, vulgar and unnecessary display of art license."

In spite of the encouragement of such sincere artists as Davies and Robert Henri, Weber suffered the usual fate of the pioneer in art. His pictures didn't sell. He knew poverty. But with passionate conviction that dawn would eventually come Weber fought on against neglect and abuse through the long night of American hostility to modern art. And only within the past few years has the darkness of that night been dissolved. Weber had to wait until 1926 to make his first museum sale, to Duncan Phillips. Since then Weber has come into his own, and only a few months ago he was honored by the publication of his biography by a group of admirers.

A man of rich background, deep appreciations and wide reading, Weber has found many means for artistic expression besides painting. His small sculptures, wood-cuts and carvings are well known. He is the author of two volumes of poetry and a book of "Essays on Art." For all the simplicity of his life and the mildness of his manner, he is, as his accomplishments and struggles plainly show, an artist of intense and passionate convictions, exactly the man who would be first to challenge any contemptuous dismissal of beauty.

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The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

"TWELFTH NIGHT" may not be the greatest of Shakespeare's plays but it is surely more fun than most. Fun seems to be what Jane Cowl, Leon Quartermaine, and the rest of the excellent company that the Messrs. Macgowan and Reed have assembled for the current production are after. Owing to the general high spirits of the players and their more than average ability, and particularly to Mr. Raymond Sovey's ingenious settings whereby there are no waits for changes of scene, everything goes along much more cheerily than is usually the case with Shakespearian presentations. However, along with the poetic or neatly turned lines, are still the labored farce comedy and the tortuous explanations of the obvious ramifications of the infantile plot which are so characteristic of the Bard in his lighter moments that I still maintain that the place for Shakespeare nowadays is not the stage but the library, where you can skip pages at will. At that, in a study you would not be able to hear Mr. Quartermaine's impeccable diction and the delicate shadings he gives to every line he declaims. Miss Cowl, unstarlike, has submerged herself in the relatively simple and not very prominent rôle of Viola.

Speaking of stars brings to mind the fact that Richard Bennett is again with us in a cheap and shoddy burlesque of life below the Mason-Dixon Line called *Solid South*. Mr. Bennett's performances are always notable for something or other. This time he deserves a severe scolding for his slipshod and casual characterization and the way in which he makes it evident that he doesn't think much more of the play than I do. I must admit that owing to my enforced absence from New York the night it was presented here I had to go to Brooklyn the week previous and see a matinee performance of *Solid South*. Possibly Mr. Bennett did not consider that audience worthy of his best efforts, but if a so-called star will walk through a part in that fashion once, what assurance have we that he will not do it again?

I find myself in a very small minority in not caring any too much for *Three's a Crowd*, the revue in which Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen of *Little Show* fame are featured. The taste with which the latter was presented is conspicuous by its absence from *Three's a Crowd*. Miss Holman does stop the show with the English torch ballad "Body and Soul," Mr. Webb dances neatly enough, and Mr. Allen is occasionally funny—particularly in a burlesque of Mr. Webb's dancing—but most of the sketches are only pretty forced attempts to be slimy and dirty. As for the numbers of supposedly more serious import, they include a dance by Mr. Webb and Miss Tamara Geva which is most reminiscent of the one he and Miss Holman did last year to "Moanin' Low," and there is another dramatic interlude and ballet called "Night After Night" which is nothing but a direct steal on Noel Coward's "Dance, Little Lady." Apart from "Body and Soul," of which I'm fairly tired already, there is nothing in the way of music which is nearly worthy of Miss Holman's talents. Some of the sets and costumes are a little out of the ordinary run and the lighting in one of the dances is really original and effective. That's all I can find to commend in the whole revue, but I do not expect my dissatisfaction with *Three's a Crowd* to make it any easier to buy tickets for it. At the second performance they were standing five or six deep at the back of the theatre, so it cannot be said that in this case I am picking on any feeble infant. It's a tremendous popular success and Hoover was elected by a huge majority.

The town's dancing masters announce that modern ballroom dancing is gradually becoming more conservative. We doubt it, after seeing *Girl Crazy*, Aaron's and Freedley's latest from the pen of the Gershwin freres. Instead, we think it is going to be tap dance winter. All ages, sexes and degrees of fame, from chorus girl to principal, do the old-fashioned tap dance in this show to a Gershwin score of the distinctly better grade. Cowboys, dude ranchers, barroom ladies, sheriffs, taxi-cab drivers, and all the musical comedy inhabitants of Arizona fall to in this show, whose scenes carom dizzily from Custerville, Arizona, to Mexico and back. It's a gay mélange of tricky yet melodious music, effective plot and sly, sophisticated humor dotted all over with the best lyrics we have heard in many a day. The radio bands have carried "Embraceable You" already, so that it isn't a secret that the music is good. But no radio can do justice to the exceedingly adroit and colorful production which *Girl Crazy* itself enjoys.

Take-offs on the old school abound, all the way from *Frankie and Johnny* songs to "Diamond Lil" scenes. And they are done in approved night club style, deftly interwoven with the sentimental plot so that genuine illusion is produced and never at the expense of liveliness, nor what might be called musical comedy reality. "Men are like street cars," says Kate Fothergill, tough heroine of the night clubs, "there will be another one along in a minute—and if you wait long enough you'll see the first one coming back." "Yes," she opines, "Passion does that to a man," when the heroine in true musical comedy style breaks the hero's heart at the end of the first act.

It's the old musical comedy plot, of course—what plot isn't?—but with a real, emotional thrill in the climax, and sufficient red blood infused into it to make it survive the kidding which it undergoes from the humorists of the cast. Wonder of wonders, even the wide open spaces are gently kidded as the cowboys bare their heads at every mention of the West. In addition, the neat introduction of a dude ranch as a confirmed Broadwayite would like to see it gives the show a chance for color, costuming and beauty that, for us, took the curse off the western locale.

Ginger Rogers isn't quite so cute as she was in *Top Speed*, and therefore immeasurably better in her scenes with Allen Kearns, who himself does some excellent original work as a musical comedy hero. Our old friends, Willie Howard and William Kent, put over the gags, along with a new Libby Holman, Ethel Merman by name, who improves on the original. In fact, she brings down the house with *Sam and Delilah*, and leads the whole show in "I Got Rhythm," the big number of the piece. *Girl Crazy* belongs to the best of Broadway shows, in the tradition of *Lady Be Good, Oh! Kay, Funny Face*, et al. We advise you to go see it just as soon as you can bribe your way into the Alvin.

Recommended Current Shows

Bad Girl: Sensitive and intelligent dramatization of the best seller.
Fine and Dandy: Joe Cook in inspired madness set to music.
Flying High: Last season's best musical held over.
Ladies All: Funny enough in a suggestive way.
Lysistrata: That rowdy Greek farce.
Mrs. Moonlight: Excellent performance of a charming English comedy.
Mr. Gilhooley: Arthur Sinclair's acting makes it worth a visit. Irish tragedy.
Once in a Lifetime: Glorious fun at the expense of the movie industry.
Strictly Dishonorable: Last year's comedy hit holding its own against the new ones.
That's Gratitude: Frank Craven has written himself his best show since *The First Year*.
The Green Pastures: Marc Connelly's revelation of the Negro religious imagination.
Up Pops the Devil: Disarming and often very funny play about Greenwich Village.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Soil"

TO THE names of Eisenstein and Pudovkin, great Russian cinema dramatists, must now be added that of Alexander Dovzhenko, a poet who works with a motion picture camera much as a musician works with themes. The story of *Soil* is hardly worth mentioning. Dovzhenko is more concerned with building up emotional states in his audience—in creating moods—than in the mere recounting of a string of incidents. Actually, *Soil* is an eloquently beautiful poem in silent photography. It concerns the soil—rich, fragrant soil from which grow endless acres of billowing wheat and trees weighted with round, ripe fruit. In the opening sequence a grand old patriarch is lying in a pear orchard surrounded by his children, his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren. Smiling contentedly, and munching one of the pears with which the ground is littered, the old man leans back in the grass and dies—while for an instant the wind stops and the wheat stands quietly in the brilliant sun. Another skillfully contrived sequence is that in which the chief character—a handsome peasant lad—is walking home in the moonlight after visiting his lady love. After going some distance he suddenly and spontaneously begins to dance, raising tiny puffs of dust as he prances up the road. Somehow it is more joyous and more exciting than all the lingerie and necking scenes from a truckload of American "romances." Dovzhenko also has a way of catching his people asleep or immobile, which is immensely effective. When the boy is shot he is carried to his grave through a field of giant sunflowers—and all we see is a horizontal figure passing through these immense blossoms. The final sequence—which is somehow strangely moving although it has no human characters, is nothing more or less than a sudden shower on a field of melons—with the rain driving faster and faster on the glistening fruit. I can't explain just why this should be so effective. No one has ever invented either a satisfactory explanation of or justification for poetry. The Soviet boys may not care a lot for this picture because he has not done much about collectivism or "idealogical content" in it—but I think it is safe to say that Dovzhenko will soon be regarded by critical observers as one of the few real artists who are working conscientiously and intelligently with genuine motion picture ial.

"Billy the Kid"

In about a dozen cities this picture is being shown on a giant, double-width screen which gives Mr. Vidor's rather futile drama a background which fairly takes your breath away. On this immense screen (some fifty feet across) you see the vast panorama of the Southwest animated with trails of covered wagons and clusters of galloping horsemen made almost minute by its vast expanse. In the closeups the big screen doesn't make so much difference—but the shots of deserts and prairies are fairly staggering. In some respects Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Realife" process resembles Fox's "Grandeur"—except that this is simpler. "Grandeur" films are photographed *and shown* on a double-width film necessitating special machinery all round. "Realife" is photographed on wide film, and optically condensed onto a normal 35 mm. film which will run through any projector in the world. A special lens which may be attached to any machine makes the image on your local screen double size, and just as clear as the small picture.

Now to get down to *Billy the Kid*. I am afraid King Vidor has not done so well. In the first place *Billy* has been whitewashed—at the end he rides off into the night with the sweet little gal, contrary to all history. In the second place there is so much slaughter in this wild west tale that at no time are you the slightest bit impressed by or interested in any of the characters. They fly before your eyes in a series of dazzling streaks, shooting each other with all the conviction of early horse operas. *Billy* is shown as a sort of philanthropic Robin Hood who shot only to avenge a wrong done to a friend. In other words, he was not a hardy pioneer who killed people because he was restless and irresponsible, but an avenging justice.

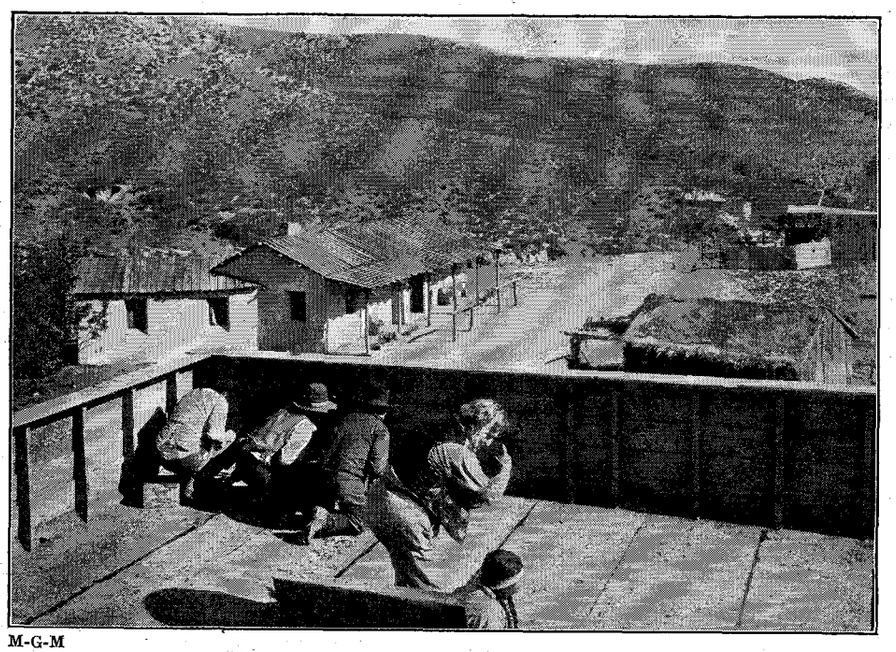
Charles Mack Brown is *Billy*, Kay Johnson is the girl and Wallace Beery the sheriff. Some of Mr. Vidor's pictures are, as I said, astonishing on the big screen—but on the normal screen I am afraid *Billy the Kid* would be simply a rather elaborate "western."

Worth Seeing

Abraham Lincoln: D. W. Griffith's careful and worshipful but not too exciting story of Lincoln.
All Quiet on the Western Front: Still the finest thing to be seen—a devastating war picture.
Hell's Angels: The zeppelin raid over London is swell but the "actors" and "story" are dreadful.
Old English: George Arliss puffs and wheezes and contributes another fine characterization.
Outward Bound: Life after death—the stage play done into a serious and dignified talkie with Leslie Howard.
What a Widow! Gloria Swanson murmuring "It's kinda cute" surrounded by Paris gowns and modernistic furniture. For Swanson addicts only.

Other New Films

Up the River: Fun in a penitentiary (and a coed one, too) where the boys play baseball and have a cheering section and everything.
Scotland Yard: Incredible stuff about a crook whose face is so remodeled by a plastic surgeon that he is mistaken for the head of the Bank of England.
Half Shot at Sunrise: Some people think Wheeler and Woolsey's slapstick is funny—it is certainly old and tried.



M-G-M

KING VIDOR'S WILD WEST FILM
The director of "The Crowd" and "Hallelujah" interests himself in another American character—Billy the Kid

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▶▶ From the Life ◀◀

By IBBY HALL

▶▶*Blackmail*

SHE had come running in from the warm gay street to her clean and empty little flat (where, no matter how industrious she was, something always watched her coldly); and had soberly started his dinner. Glancing over her shoulder, occasionally; listening, once in awhile. When she heard the knock.

It was a sharp knock, but confidential, and sounded only twice. But she was struck so still and looked around her with such terror at the small shadowed rooms that she seemed to be imploring—God, perhaps, or the something that always watched—for escape. For a long time, one minute, two, she did not move, then she turned her head stealthily to see, from where she stood in the doorway between kitchen and sitting room, the kitchen clock. In half an hour, in fifteen minutes maybe, he would be home. There was no time, she thought, feeling suddenly sick, and she ran into the kitchen quickly, snatched her pocketbook from the table and hurrying to the door of the flat flung it open.

A man with a fat face and small eyes close together looked her up and down—silently. Seeing the pocketbook held tightly against the crook of her bare arm, he began to smile, and stepping inside the doorway closed the door.

"Lookit here," he said in a thin, hard voice, "I ain't got no time for foolin', an' you ain't neither." He glanced behind him at the door. "Gimme what you got your hands on an' I'll be gettin' out. An' keepin' quiet," he ended.

She moved around behind a chair and looked at him. "You said last time you wouldn't—wouldn't—"

"Yeah?"

"Wouldn't come around again."

The fat man leaned towards her across the chair. "Well, this ain't last time, see?" he said impatiently. Then recollecting himself, "Or do I set an' wait for the old man?"

She opened her pocketbook at that and fumbled for the money. "Here," she said, her face white.

The fat man counted it and stared. "Say," he said with sudden anger, "you got more 'n this. You think I c'n wait all day? Why, you——your old man makes this much heelin' shoes a day!"

"No," she said trembling, and the blood rushed to her head. If she didn't feel so sick, if just to remember it—and see her husband coming home. "No," she said desperately, and knew that she would do it.

But the fat man miscalculated. She needed further frightening, did she? And at the moment of her refusal he drew back his pudgy hand and met her answer with a blow across the face.

As she felt the sudden lash and smart of that blow she stared and screamed. And as she screamed a strange and terrifying change came over her.

"Hold your noise," snarled the fat man, starting towards her as she backed in the direction of the door. But still she screamed in amazement, in triumph. For with the sound of her own screaming she was no longer sick, she was not frightened any more. She was feeling taller—braver—louder. And she opened the door and plunged into the hallway crying "Help! Police!" and screaming.

When she could be quiet again the door was closed, the charges had been made, the fat man had been taken off.

"Well, that is over," said her husband, staring at her.

She thought: she had been living with him nine years, and now she would find out what he was like. Was he going to kill her now? And so they stood looking at each other, two strangers each waiting for the other one to speak.

"You had a baby?" said her husband at last. He was a big man, dark and quiet, who mended shoes for a living.

She nodded, afraid of nothing any more; answering this stranger.

"You never had my baby," said her husband gently, and she shook her head. "My fault, maybe," he said out loud to himself.

Still they went on looking at each other.

"She's ten years old," said his wife with difficulty, as though he had asked her. "I never saw *him*. Only that once. This fellow here—he got the story from them that take care of her."

They watched each other doubtfully, incredulously. They looked around them at the flat where those two people, themselves, had lived for nine years.

"Well, that's over," repeated her husband, thinking it out. "And that's maybe what's been in your mind, always wanting that baby."

She nodded, something choking her; something burning behind her eyes.

"Well, now we'll get it," he said quietly. "We'll go to law and get it."

So they sat and looked queerly at each other for awhile. This was her husband This was his wife.

Wet Strategy at the Polls

(Continued from Page 334)

wet movement is the incidental education in practical politics which it is affording our best people. Nowhere is this more strikingly illustrated than in Massachusetts. Boston folk have been spellbound at the picture of Mrs. W. Lothrop Ames, head of the Massachusetts Women's Organization for Temperance Reform, lined up with Mayor James M. Curley and that Back Bay bug-bear, "Honey Fitz."

While the most significant wet contests are those in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Massachusetts, there is hardly a state this year in which prohibition is not an issue. Major Curran predicts that the wets will gain more than forty Congressmen, giving them approximately one-third of the House of Representatives. They will pick up four or five Senators. But if they are to win quickly, the wets must have the Administration. This is a skirmish. The battle comes in 1932.

Football's Cult of Melancholy

(Continued from Page 342)

who happen to be enrolled under the rival coach's banner. Even when such talented players as Kaw, Pfann and Hansen led Cornell to an unbeaten season in 1923, Dobie refused to smile.

Of late years the dour, thin-lipped apostle of gloom has had good cause to cry. Material at Cornell has been subnormal, yet Dobie drilled it smartly. After one Pennsylvania defeat, Pop Warner button-holed his contemporary in the dressing room. "Sorry you lost Gil," said Pop, "but it was a technical treat to see your backs get off their marks—I never saw quicker starters."

Dobie wasn't to be consoled. "That's just the trouble," he replied, "they got to the tacklers too soon."

Perhaps the most amusing of the "Doleful Dobie" yarns concerns the red-feathered Cornell graduate who burst into Franklin Field House just after seeing his Alma Mater humbled 49 to 0. "Wasn't that sad, Mr. Dobie?" he muttered for something to say.

"Sad," echoed Dobie, his lean, ascetic face worthy of a Gustave Doré etching. "Young man, you don't know what sorrow is—wait till next year!"

Yes Dobie is the man to preside at meetings of the Melancholy Cult, with Alonzo Stagg at the Gloom Sachem's side. Like the shepherd boy who shouted "wolf!" Alonzo lived to see the day when the catch phrase "Stagg fears Purdue" no longer has an ironic implication.

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▸▸ José Iturbi ◂◂

By PITTS SANBORN

LITTLE giants of the piano—giants in their art and sometimes in their tone—are no rarity. One thinks immediately of Josef Hofmann, Rafael Joseffy, Moriz Rosenthal, Eugen d'Albert, Vladimir de Pachmann, small men all and great pianists. Now we have a much younger man in our midst who qualifies for the category. He is José Iturbi, a Spaniard. Iturbi is short, his muscles are of steel, and he has been hailed as a master-pianist in Europe and the two Americas.

With respect to the arts, outlanders look upon Spain as the country of a great literature, a great line of painters, and a native school—or, rather, several native schools—of the dance. When Spanish music is mentioned we are apt to recall a rhythm and a cadence and to let our speculation stop there. As Cecil Gray, the English critic, has observed, Spanish music is always pleasant to listen to, but reveals no distinctive personality. "Spanish national music," Gray continues, "has so far produced no Borodin or Moussorgsky, but only three Rimsky-Korsakovs—which is three too many. To English ears, their work all sounds like endless variations on one Spanish folk-song, provided with an elaborate accompaniment of castanets and similar exotic percussion instruments."

It isn't necessary to agree with the critical swashbuckler in annihilating Rimsky-Korsakov in order to appreciate his meaning. And one remembers that, after all, the music which spells Spain for most of us is the work of certain Frenchmen—Bizet *(Carmen)*, Chabrier *(España)*, Lalo *(Symphonie Espagnole)*, Debussy *(La Soirée dans Grenade; Ibéria)*, Laparra *(La Habañera, La Jota,* songs, instrumental pieces), Ravel *(Rhapsodie Espagnole; L'Heure Espagnole)*. Only then do the names of certain Spaniards occur to us, especially Isaac Albeniz.

Nevertheless, Spain has given the world a number of distinguished interpretative musicians. Sarasate, one of the greatest of violinists, stands out as historic. There is the conductor Enrique Fernandez Arbos, who, by the way, began his career as a violinist and was once concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. There is that surpassing 'cellist, Pablo Casals, who likewise wields the baton. The vocalists have been many—one of them, Lucrezia Bori (adapted from Lucrecia Borja), is a of our own Metro olitan. And there have been eminent pianists before Iturbi—Albeniz himself and the ill-fated Granados among them. The mighty Teresa Carreño, "Valkyr of the piano," was also of Spanish blood, though by birth a Venezuelan. Thus the

Wide World

JOSÉ ITURBI

artistic lineage of José Iturbi is impressive.

Iturbi was born some thirty-five years ago at Valencia, which was likewise the birthplace of Mme. Bori. His talent was discovered early and the municipality of Valencia recognized its extraordinary nature by sending him to the local conservatory. Among mature artists who took an interest in the child prodigy and exerted a helpful influence on his career were Emil Sauer, the famous German pianist, and a young Polish woman who happened to be none other than Wanda Landowska, the authority on eighteenth century music and reviver of the harpsichord. After Valencia Iturbi continued his studies at Barcelona, the most musical of Spanish cities, and at the Paris Conservatory, whence he was graduated with highest honors at the age of seventeen.

All was not smooth sailing for the young Spaniard, however. Before his tours had won him favor in the concert halls of Europe and South America, he was obliged for a while to play in cafés in Paris and Zurich. In due course he was relieved of any necessity of that sort by the appointment as head of the piano faculty of the Geneva Conservatory, a post once held by Liszt. At the end of four years his concert work had grown so that he had no further time for teaching. It was not till late last year, however, that he visited North America, making his first appearance as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philadelphia, playing Beethoven's G major concerto, and following that up with a New York début as soloist of the Philharmonic-Symphony in the D minor concerto of Mozart and Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasy*.

Short, dark, and of an engaging childlike vivacity, Iturbi in public is one of the best-groomed of musicians, and he keeps himself in physical trim with gymnastics and boxing. The big money that he makes he spends with relish, buying motor cars and Havana cigars, lavishing five-dollar bills on beggars. His laugh is a gurgle of irresistible gayety. But in an instant his snapping eyes go grave and his features are all serious concentration. Asked which composers he puts before the rest, he answers: "Bach, Beethoven, Wagner; Wagner, Beethoven, Bach. They stand with Dante, Michelangelo, Spinoza, Shakespeare. Schumann may sometimes speak to my emotions as nobody else does. But those three are the giants."

"I admire enormously what our modern composers can do. Take Hindemith. I bow before the colossal musician just as I marvel at certain of your skyscrapers. But the modern composer, for all his prowess, somehow fails to reach my heart. His knowledge is enormous. He is like a walking library. But there is something that I miss and crave. So I return to my giants—mine, even though Wagner composed so little for the piano."

Iturbi has a twelve-year-old daughter in Paris, where he makes his home. Her ambition is to be a pianist, too, but her father says he really doesn't care whether she becomes one or not. It's too uncertain a life for him to egg her on in her ambition. Meanwhile, his own career being irrevocably chosen, he pursues it earnestly and joyously.

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Lord Birkenhead

(Continued from Page 337)

by which, at one time, he had announced his intention of abiding.

I do not doubt that, if one thinks in terms of salvation, Lord Birkenhead was a saved man. But what is also apparent about him is that there were times when, the sphere of his search for salvation being politics, it was acquired at our expense. The career of this extraordinary being is a lesson to those who want politics to be a matter of personalities rather than principles, who grumble at the controls of democracy and want the simple slash of autocracies. There is a sinister significance in the way that innumerable men eagerly handed over the practical conduct of life, so far as they could, to this man whose appeal to the imagination surely lay in the fact that he had such an immensely long and dramatic journey to go before he began to know what life is.

Foreigners Are Queer

(Continued from Page 335)

friendly—is hard to see. It may be a sort of post-war frightfulness. Possibly it is the effect of a war-like ideal. But to search for a motive is difficult; they conform without knowing why.

But the younger generation in Germany have not conformed. The elders may be seen drinking beer and looking ferocious; the youngers prefer to drink lemonade and look fit. This, from the traveler's point of view, is a pity. It means the disappearance of one of those national traits that are the chief charm of travel.

It seems obvious that the countries which cling longest to the customs and costumes that differentiate them from their neighbors will be the countries most frequented by travelers, and most benefited by tourist money. For what it is worth I offer to the travel publicity agents of the German Government the following suggestions. Subsidize the makers of leather breeches and braces and other articles of national or sectional costume so that their product will be available at cost. Introduce free night school courses in singing, beer drinking and waltzing. Have a yearly ferocity contest for men, similar to our beauty contests, in which whiskers, glare, sneer, weight and general get-up will each count one point, and give this contest wide publicity. Keep the pictures of Mr. Germany, and of the runners-up, Mr. Hamburg, Mr. Stuttgart and Mr. Heidelberg, constantly before the public eye. In this way the national characteristics will be exaggerated and perpetuated, and the flow of tourist gold will be diverted to the cash registers of the Fatherland.

I may be reproached for not having offered some such suggestions first to my native land. Well, perhaps it is unpatriotic. But it seems to me that American national characteristics are exaggerated enough as it is. I would not care to see them carried any further. If this sounds like a criticism, it at least includes myself. For I may say that in any foreign land in which I have traveled, no one has ever taken me for anything but an American.

Enforcement Limps Along

(Continued from Page 341)

return on each dollar invested of better than six to one. In a message addressed to the country on Christmas Eve, he announced his discovery that "the home brew fad is taking its final gasp[24]."

This cycle of good cheer continued uninterruptedly from one year to another. In April, 1923, Colonel Haynes informed the public that "the redistillation of denatured alcohol is now impossible[25]." In July he announced that moonshining in the cities was "on the wane"; "there is less of it today than at any time since national prohibition became the law[26]." In August he declared that the business of bootlegging had reached a "desperate plight"; "the death rattle has begun[27]." By December he was certain that the progress made by the Prohibition Bureau had been "nothing short of marvelous. . . . There is but little open and above-board drinking anywhere[28]."

Whether these confident reports from headquarters were interpreted by the public as a running comment on the actual conditions of enforcement, or whether they seemed to carry in themselves evidence of ardent and devoted propaganda, it would be impossible to say. In any case, breathing hope and enthusiasm and assurance that all was well, they must have made good reading for the dry majority of Congress. For they suggested that nothing more was needed to enforce this law than had already been provided.

This was precisely the kind of talk that Congress liked to hear.

CERTAINLY if the Prohibition Bureau aimed to do nothing else during these early years, it aimed at least to convince the country that its goal lay always near at hand and that one more trial would bring success. Time and again, whenever the public showed signs of losing faith that this law could ever be enforced successfully, the Prohibition Bureau either announced the start of some fresh effort or reorganized its work on some new plan designed to win back confidence.

The orbit of these reorganizations was familiar. It would be complained that in some locality the law was being flouted on all sides. A tired and somewhat disillusioned official of the Prohibition Bureau would admit that without adequate funds the problem was too much for him. A new official would be appointed in his place. The new official would come to his work with high hope and boundless energy. He would promptly reorganize whatever organization his predecessor had created and begin afresh. He would ask the public to be patient. The public would sit back to watch. Gradually conditions would return to normal. The public would again begin to doubt the possibility of enforcement. The official would confess his heavy handicaps. A new official would be appointed. Travel in a circle would begin afresh.

Thus, in New York City, for example, Mr. James L. Shevlin, the first federal administrator appointed to this difficult assignment, admitted at the end of seven unsuccessful months in office that liquor was being widely sold throughout the city and that with a staff of two hundred agents there was very little he could do to stop it[29]. One month later, Mr. Shevlin was transferred from Broadway to El Paso "in the interest of the service[30]." He was succeeded by Mr. Frank L. Boyd, who permitted the press to understand that he was form-

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of October 25, 1950

The Pennsylvania Bureau of Scientific Research offered a prize of $100,000 for a plan to utilize coal deposits rendered obsolete by the development of the atomic power harnessing industry.

It is rumored in England that on the occasion of the King's Birthday in 1951 a knighthood will be awarded to Rudyard Kipling.

The University of Utah has added to its curriculum a course conducted by Professor Willem Van Oak entitled "Amateur Sport: The Status of the Professional, the Amateur, and the Business Man Athlete."

24. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, December 23, 1922.
25. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, April 9, 1923.
26. *New York Times*, July 19, 1923.
27. *New York Times*, August 26, 1923.
28 *New York Times*, December 24, 1923.
29. *New York Times*, August 12, 1920.
30 *New York Times*, September 16, 1920.

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ing an entirely new line of attack on the problem of enforcement, designed "to make illicit traffickers sit up and take notice[31]." Mr. Boyd lasted for three months. He took leave of his work with the statement that it was "a thankless and a hopeless task[32]." He was succeeded by Mr. Daniel L. Chapin, who came into office with new plans[33]. Mr. Chapin lasted for three months. He was succeeded by Mr. Ernest Langley, who announced that he would shake up Mr. Chapin's staff, set new standards for his agents and attempt at last to give the city real enforcement[34].

Meantime, in the state as well as in the city, control changed hands as often as it was necessary to inject fresh enthusiasm into the experiment for the reassurance of the public. Mr. Charles R. O'Connor, the first Prohibition Director for the state, remained in office for the exceptional period of sixteen months. He resigned in May, 1921, declaring that the problem of enforcement had "seemed at times well-nigh hopeless[35]." He was succeeded by Mr. Harold L. Hart, who promptly announced that it would be necessary to "name a practically new force of inspectors and entirely reorganize the office force[36]." Mr. Hart lasted from May until October. He was succeeded by Mr. E. C. Yellowley, who lasted from October to December, long enough to dismiss many of Mr. Hart's agents and to reorganize his methods[37]. Mr. Yellowley was succeeded by Mr. Ralph A. Day, who changed Mr. Yellowley's plans and dismissed fifty of his agents on the ground that they were incompetent for public service[38].

Nowhere else in the whole field of federal administration did public offices change hands like this or sudden reorganizations follow one another in such profusion. The experience of New York State and New York City could be duplicated in the experience of other states and other cities. The office of Federal Prohibition Commissioner itself changed hands with the necessities of the occasion.

At the end of a year the early confidence of the first Commissioner, Mr. Kramer, had been gnawed by certain doubts concerning his ability to achieve the task upon which he had embarked. Prohibition, he now declared, seemed to have been "to some extent forced upon whole states and especially upon large cities in which people had no sympathy whatever with the idea; in fact, they scarcely knew what the term prohibition meant." This hostility had created, "to my way of thinking," Mr. Kramer said, "the most difficult problem that any state ever undertook to solve[39]."

At this point, having uttered various heresies not in keeping with his rôle, Mr. Kramer took leave of public office: to be succeeded by Colonel Haynes, who at once discarded the plans developed by his predecessor, declared that Mr. Kramer's system of organization had been "clearly demonstrated after a thorough trial to be a failure[40]" and created an entirely new system of his own: only to have this system torn apart by General Andrews, who declared that it was "not accomplishing results" and that it was imperative to substitute another system[41].

Over and over this process was repeated, in an effort to find the magic formula of a reorganization so ingenious that it would somehow compensate for an insufficient staff of agents. Time and again fresh courage was pumped into the adventure by a constant shift in personnel. Change followed change. Another reorganization reorganized what an earlier reorganization had just accomplished. A new bulletin predicting that this time the key to enforcement had at last been found was broadcast to the public before the echo of its predecessor died. To the best of its ability the Prohibition Bureau kept alive the faith that despite a paralyzing lack of men and money its task could be accomplished.

It was uphill work, but there was no other course the Prohibition Bureau could have followed. It had no real alternative. The pattern of enforcement was set by greater powers than the relatively unimportant captains of an experimental subdivision of the Treasury Department. It was set in the White House by Presidents with too many other irons in the fire to propose in their budgets the sums of money which alone could have launched a real experiment with prohibition on a national scale. It was set in the offices of party bosses who raided the Prohibition Bureau for jobs for their ward heelers and protection for their friends. It was set in the halls of Congress by a dry majority which had at all times ample power to multiply its appropriations but consistently refused to act.

The law limped on. It was scarcely the business of the Prohibition Bureau to quarrel with its peers.

(To be Continued)

31. *Ibid.*
32. *New York Herald*, December 17, 1920.
33. *New York Times*, February 6, 1921.
34. *New York Times*, March 20, 1921.
35. *New York Times*, May 23, 1921.
36. *New York Times*, July 10, 1921.
37. *New York Times*, October 21, 1921 October 5, 1922
39. *New York Times*, April 27, 1921.
40. *Associated Press dispatch*, Washington, June 17, 1921.
41. *Hearings of a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*, 69th Congress, 1st Session, p 46

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With Our Readers

Military Education

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Knoxville, Tenn.*

SIR—Upon finding Mr. Archibald Rutledge's article, "Miniature West Points," in your October 8 number, I commenced to read it, anticipating a flaying of the numerous "tin schools" with which the nation is burdened. Imagine my surprise at finding Mr. Rutledge digressing from what started to be his theme, to an attack on all military training and the honorable profession of arms. True, he somewhat lamely finishes with a reference to the harmlessness of C. M. T. C. and R. O. T. C., which he immediately proceeds to controvert with his last sentence. But taken all in all, his tirade is an attack on all things military.

Mr. Rutledge's is evidently one of those "sensitive and reflective natures (like that of Poe and that of Lanier)" which does not feel at home in the atmosphere of robust masculinity to be found around things military. That perhaps explains why he cannot reconcile military training as one branch of education. That is perhaps the reason he limits the "fruits" of education to "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." That is probably why he says, "many a good soldier is also an eminent scholar despite his training."

The professional soldier deplores the existence of the individual over-balanced on the side of physical development, at the same time recognizing the lack of proportion in the man with a nature so "sensitive and reflective" that it causes him to stress his mental development at the expense of his physical. Were our author capable of visualizing the happy mean, he would find, in one and the same individual, the intelligent educated citizen and the ideal soldier. So much for his digression.

As to what purports to be his theme, he is right as to the uselessness of some "tin schools" as educational institutions. The War Department has found, however, that the schools where the academic work is so lacking as to preclude their being listed as "accredited" schools (for college entrance), are usually the schools where military training is such in name only.

It is unnecessary for a parent to send a son to such a school when several of the reputable periodicals maintain educational advisory service, and an inquiry of almost any army officer will bring forth a list of accredited schools where boys will not only be properly prepared for college entrance, but will receive the rudiments of a military training which all save "sensitive and reflective" natured individuals will find beneficial in preparation for the struggle of life . . .

J. K. EVANS, *Capt. U. S. Army.*

Voyage to the Moon

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New Haven*

SIR—I am filled with increasing wonder as time goes on why you continue to print such stuff as the weekly "Backstage in Washington" article, but the climax of waste of space and printers' ink is the piece by Philip M. Barr, headed, "New Worlds to Conquer," in your issue of October 8.

If it was written as a joke, I fail to see the humor of it. If there are any persons outside of insane asylums who are working on such ideas as he sets down, they haven't the faintest conception of conditions a few miles from the earth's surface. A man who believes that explosions in empty space, however violent, would have any propelling force whatever is simply crazy.

M. H. LEWIS.

Criticizing the Institute

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Cambridge, Mass.*

SIR—In order that there may be no misapprehension as to why I wrote the criticism of the Williamstown Institute of Politics which appeared in the October 8th issue of the Outlook under the title of "Summer Sewing Circle," I think it necessary to correct here the statement, apparently emanating from Institute headquarters and seemingly designed to invalidate my criticism, that I was "on the pay roll of the 1929 Institute but was not retained this year."

The facts in the situation are that at the 1929 session of the Institute I represented the Springfield *Union* and the International News Service and also had a position on the staff of Mr. Andrew Ten Eyck who conducts the Press Bureau of the Institute. At the session this August I acted as special correspondent for the Outlook, the Paul Block Newspapers, the New York *World*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the International News Service. I also retained my position of the previous August with Mr. Ten Eyck until just before the opening of the session when Mr. Ten Eyck insisted that I should split my salary, which I received from the five newspapers with him and his assistants, asserting that this was the custom. It had not been done the year before when I represented only two papers and further investigation showed that it had not been the habit before that. Consequently, since Mr. Ten Eyck had had nothing to do with my obtaining positions with any of the five newspapers, I resigned my job on his staff.

I regret very much the necessity of mentioning personal affairs but it seems imperative that this false statement by means of which the Institute administration is apparently tempting to discredit the recent criticism in the Outlook, should be corrected.

WILLIAM LOEB, JR.

American Nobility

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Oakland, Calif.*

SIR—Present day happenings indicate that the time has arrived for amending Art. I, Sec. 10 (1) of the United States Constitution. As a result of that section our girls are making themselves ridiculous in their chase after European titles, and Mrs. Brossard, President of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is driven to attending court functions in England. Meanwhile Presidents of the U. S. A. are facilitating the dictum that this nation consists of so many people "mostly colonels" (said as a set-off to Carlyle's remark that England had a population of thirty millions "mostly fools"). At the outset of the war a whole crowd of "patriots" who feared to risk their own skins used political influence to obtain the title of Major, well-knowing that, except inadvertently, a major never went near enough to the front to be in any danger. Again would it not have been much better for President Wilson to dub his physician "Sir" than to make him an admiral?

Think how well Viscount Morgan would sound. Baron Doherty, Sir Henry Ford, Marquis of Orange (for Edison), or the Duke of New York for John D. Why not? The ground of objection is obsolete. The economic position is the basis of nobility. It has been so ever since the first tax-farmer grabbed a public utility. What good are the titles of the pauper princesses and counts who have flocked to this country since the war, except to delude social climbers? In England directly a man is rich enough and subscribes sufficiently to party funds they ennoble him. Even Miss Burdett Coutts, on account of her wealth, had to be made a baroness. Why not Hetty Green? In no country in the world is pomp and circumstance more greatly esteemed. Our fraternities and sororites are evidence of this; they provide the opportunities for emulating the rank which the state withholds. Seriously, an American nobility would make American society much more enjoyable, and also keep our wealthy folks at home to spend their money on American goods, and so help the farmer.

EDITH STUDHOLME.

Supporting Governor Long

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Shreveport, La.*

SIR—We are very much surprised over the remarks you are making about our Governor Huey P. Long under "Trend of Events" in your issue of September 9.

Only absolute ignorance on your part in regard to the real political, financial, and moral condition of the state of Louisiana can excuse you for printing and publishing bunk like this and trying to make the people of our nation at large believe that our governor is the kind of human being you have pictured him.

Why do you not come down here to our good state of Louisiana and post yourself a little and not take for granted the stuff a biased and lying press is feeding you? You must think the majority of the people of Louisiana are born fools, when you call a man a "buffoon and demagogue" whom the people elected by more than 38,000 majority in an election where about 250,000 votes were cast.

This man "Long," we are going to tell you for your own enlightenment, has done more for our state than any other governor or all former governors together since reconstruction times. Here are a few things this man, as our governor, has done for this state: He gave us free school books for all children, he supplied funds, with the help of the legislature, for our charity hospitals, asylums for the insane, for the deaf and dumb and blind, and also tubercular and epileptic asylums, night schools for illiterates between the ages of twenty-one and seventy years. The last mentioned have already taught 125,000 to write and read.

Is a man a demagogue who does all these things? He has done all of this in a little over two years. No other governor has ever tried to do anything in this line for our people. Has this man been pictured to you as being a demagogue by this bunch of political "has-beens and grafters" just because he tried to put an occupational tax on the Standard Oil Company of Louisiana, which company is not paying anything in this line, notwithstanding the fact that every professional and merchant, etc. pays an occupational tax today in our state? We have always believed in your writings, but if the truth is handled by you in the same manner in your other articles as it has been shown in this instance, we will have to take the truthfulness of the balance with a grain of salt.

W. P. SCHROEDER.

Brainstorm

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Cookeville, Tenn.*

SIR—Neither the writer nor the institution he represents relishes the prospect of being drawn into the vortex of a brainstorm that has been animated by the righteous public acts of sovereign Americans, especially the acts of those living in the South. The mind of the author of "Through a Glass Darkly" shows unmistakable sign of too much cloudiness in the issue of the Outlook of October 8, 1930. He perhaps overlooked the fact that the Tennessee Polytechnic Institute was established by the General Assembly of Tennessee in 1915, and that eight hundred and thirty-four students were enrolled in the year 1929-30. His jagged reference to the teaching of the law of gravitation and the satirical insinuations cast therewith may be somewhat clarified when he understands that should the Outlook succeed by October 4, 1950 in making the law of gravitation intoxicating, or should the teaching of it otherwise become damning to the soul, the agencies governing the Tennessee Polytechnic Institute will be justified in promptly banning it from the curriculum.

Q. M. SMITH.

[EDITORS' NOTE—The names of institutions, companies, etc., appearing in "Through a Glass Darkly" are generally fictitious. Unfortunately, the list of universities and colleges of the *World Almanac*, which was used in order to avoid referring to a contemporary institution, does not include the Tennessee Polytechnic Institute.]

Plan for Liquor Control

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Vancouver, Wash.*

SIR—The fact that I differ emphatically from the Outlook in the matter of handling the liquor problem, does not impair my interest in reading it, nor my belief that your forum is conducted impartially.

America rejoices in (potential) majority rule. What do the majority wish in this issue of wet and dry? I believe the majority desire a change which will be constructive and not destructive. The weakness of both wets and drys lies in the fact that neither has a constructive plan to offer. The bone drys advocate merely a more intensive effort along present lines; the wets advocate repeal but offer no substitute, inferentially giving the impression that no federal control is better than the present situation. Many of the wets advocate state option and enforcement. This may seem a constructive suggestion. It is destructive. If our national frontiers alone cannot be successfully defended from the liquor smugglers, how can the much longer frontiers represented by state lines between wet and dry states be safeguarded? Enlarging the problem will not help to solve it. In this era of automobiles and

(Please Turn to Page 360)

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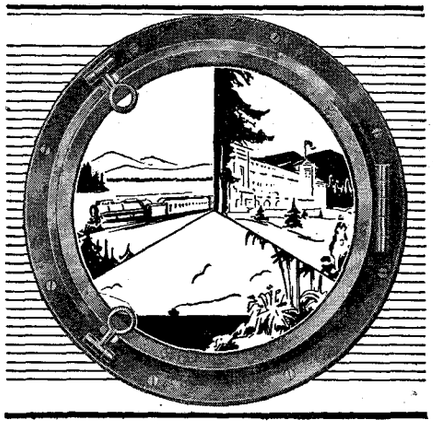

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OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU

120 E. 16TH ST., NEW YORK

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 358)

airplanes, state responsibilities do not disappear, but federal assistance becomes more essential. The majority of decent American citizens, wet or dry, do not desire the return of the saloon; and finally, the majority desire the elimination of the bootlegger.

In line with meeting these desires, the following concrete measures are I believe worthy of consideration.

(a) Distinguish sharply between distilled and fortified liquor on the one hand; and malted and simple fermented drinks on the other. Whisky should be considered a dangerous narcotic, so classed, and placed with morphine and cocaine. The Harrison Law should be amplified to cover the distilled liquors and enforcement rigidly maintained by a strengthened narcotic bureau. State and federal co-operation should be insisted upon in the enforcement and administration of the amplified narcotic law . . . .

(b) Beer and malt liquor of not over four per cent alcohol, and simple unfortified fermented wines (rarely over eight per cent) might be permitted under strict federal regulation and in limited quantity. Bone dry states, however, should have the privilege of excluding these absolutely and should have the co-operation of the federal government in so doing. That there would be some seepage across wet-dry state borders would be expected; but it would be minimal in amount and the huge profits of the whisky bootlegger would not figure, assuming adequate enforcement of the narcotic law. Hence a better crime situation.

(c) The bootlegger, especially the bootlegger of distilled liquor, morphine and cocaine must be exterminated ruthlessly. It is futile to expect that permission to sell or consume light wines and beer will eliminate the illicit whisky purveyor. The hands of the law must be strengthened by special measures. Two, drastic but beneficial, may be mentioned; first, a prison term of five to twenty years for violation of the amplified narcotic law; second, a usury sales law which would limit permissible profit in any commodity transaction whatever to a certain percentage—say one hundred and fifty per cent for example. This would be applicable whether the business itself were legal or otherwise.

Incidentally such a usury sales law might be invoked against an extortionate middleman, a predatory public utility corporation, or even such a slippery customer as certain petroleum interests. If so, why not?

H. L. UNDERWOOD.

The Bratt System

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Anten, Sweden*

SIR—We have been receiving your publication for the past three years and have noted the change of cover and contents for the better. Your opinions on prohibition have been very interesting to follow.

Over here they have a system of rationing out liquor which I believe is known as the Bratt System in the United States. A Swedish citizen is issued a book, if desired, provided he pays his taxes at the age of twenty-four, that entitles him to draw a litre of strong drink per month. This can be revoked if he abuses the privilege by the parish pastor or authorities. There is no limit on wines, but the people in this section at least can't afford them. They do not buy much as it is so easy to make it themselves and thereby conserve some of the fruit crop.

Even a widow may have a book if she wants it and can buy a litre a month. The man's allowance can be increased according to the size of his family and the number dependent on him. The clerk selling or distributing the stuff is responsible for every drop. If the book is loaned to some one else it is forfeited. All hard liquor must be signed for when ordered.

A drunkard is a drunkard and no regulation can stop him from getting something with a real kick as long as sugar yeast and the laws of fermentation exist. No man-made law can stop him even here where they are quite sensible. Drunkenness can only be curbed by public opinion and the society a man keeps, and even they can't always help. Every drop seems to be accounted for over here in this cool climate.

A. T. HELBERG.

Dominant Drys

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Manchester, N. H.*

SIR—In your issue of Oct. 8 under "Trend of Events" you comment on the action of the New York State Republican Convention in nominating wet Charles H. Tuttle for governor and the adoption of a plank favoring repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and say, "The New York Republicans have joined the wet movement in the Republican party now directed by Dwight W. Morrow. Needless to say, this brings them into direct conflict with Mr. Hoover and the dominant drys."

What is your authority in designating Mr. Hoover as a "dominant dry"? Let us look at the record. On August 11, 1928, in his speech of acceptance, he said "I do not favor repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." In the two years and two months that have elapsed since that statement was made much water has flowed under the prohibition bridge. A number of men of high standing, some of them close to Mr. Hoover, have declared themselves in favor of repeal. Mr. Hoover has made no public statement regarding his attitude on the amendment since the one quoted above. Since he has been President he has had quite an education regarding the feasibility of keeping the amendment in the Constitution. He is compelled to be a "dominant dry" to the extent that, inasmuch as he is President and took an oath that he would support the Constitution and enforce the statute laws, he is obligated to do his utmost to enforce the provisions of the Volstead act. This is his job regardless of any private opinion which he may have at the present time as to the Eighteenth Amendment. If he now favors repeal it would be unwise for him to make a public statement to that effect, and it is not necessary for him to do so until such time as he may become a candidate for re-nomination.

In the same issue of the Outlook, under the caption, "Backstage in Washington," the writer intimates that the President favors a liberal attitude regarding the making of home brew and light wines in the home. If that is the case, how can he be classed as a "dominant dry"?

G. H. BAMMANN.

Prohibition's Record

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Lincoln, Neb.*

SIR—Your series of articles by Charles Merz on the history of the Eighteenth Amendment is a fine and worthy piece of work.

I take this occasion to confess that I was one of the men who did his humble part to bring on state and national prohibition, and finally rejoiced when it went into the Federal Constitution. Now I cheerfully admit my share of the great mistake. We have gone too fast and too far. Here in Nebraska the law is fairly well enforced, pretty much in line with the sentiment of the state. Lincoln, our capital, according to the *Literary Digest* poll, appears to be the driest city of its size in the country.

I judge that prohibition is likely to be permanent in our group of states. At the same time I think it a mistake to spread Volsteadism over the whole United States. What is good for the rooster may not be good for the gander. Even in Nebraska I deplore the unwarranted raids on private homes. Today I should be glad to vote for a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, but I don't expect Volsteadism long to remain the law of the land . . .

Within ten years I expect to see a wet House of Representatives in Washington. This wet house will vote against appropriating money for Volsteadism and finally destroy the enabling acts entirely. This will leave the liquor situation almost exactly where it was prior to 1920. This would appear a rather drab and uninspiring finale for the Noble Experiment but quite in keeping with our frame of government and the exigencies of an intolerable situation.

Andrew Jackson once said "John Marshall has made his decision, now let him enforce it." A wet House of Representatives will eventually say something like this concerning the Eighteenth Amendment.

W. T. DAVIS.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington*

SIR—It's a pity all of your readers do not realize what a degenerate your publication has become and what a self-evident mouthpiece it is for the liquor interests and the donkey party.

No respectable publication allows one of its regular writers to systematically attack and belittle the President of the United States, and hide behind his (the writer's) initials.

The above are the principal reasons why I do not want another copy of your muck-raking sheet. When I subscribed I imagined I would receive an equivalent for my money.

CHARLES H. COE.

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